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By the men . . . for the men in the service

WINTER ISSUE, GERMANY

A-Day: American GIs Return to the Philippines

PAGES 2 & 3

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GIs landing on Leyte thought the beaches looked much like others they'd seen. But they knew they were on the way to avenge our greatest military defeat.

Back to the

By Sgt. OZZIE ST. GEORGE
YANK Staff Correspondent

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—For 2½ years, the men of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's command had said of our promised return to the Philippines: "That'll be the day!"

Now the day had come. The low murky blue islands rising out of the sea to the northwest and southwest of our convoy were the Philippines, the promised land. Otherwise A-Day (the day the invasion began) was much like any other day.

At midnight when our APA (Attack Transport) entered possible Jap mine fields, troops had been moved out of the forward compartments to sleep the rest of the night on deck until reveille at 0230 hours. Chow was at 0400 hours. General quarters was piped at 0430. About an hour later, shortly before our own naval air cover arrived, a single Jap Betty appeared and circled lazily over the task force. From our APA in the middle of the force we traced its course by the dirty black splotches of flak that peppered the sky behind and around it. And we cheered wildly for a few moments when the Betty went into a long slanting dive, but it pulled out and disappeared unscratched. A Negro mess boy stretched flat on his back under an LCVP slept peacefully through the entire raid.

In our huge convoy were the 1st Cavalry Division (dismounted), veterans of the Admiralties; the 24th Infantry Division, which fought at Tanahmerah Bay, New Guinea; the 7th Infantry Division, victors at Attu and Kwajalein, and the untested 96th Infantry Division.

Until 0700, when we were ordered below to our compartments, we watched the naval bombardment the battlewagons, light and heavy cruisers and cans were dishing out.

A lieutenant (junior grade), watching a clump of coconut trees lift bodily into the air, exclaimed to his chief of section: "This is more fun than investigating a rape case!"

The fun, however, had worn off by the time we went below to our compartments. Bumming a light from another soldier, I noticed that all four of our hands were shaking. We went down the cargo nets to our LCMs at about 0800 and circled with other landing craft until about 0900. Then we started slowly toward the beach. Six hundred yards offshore we passed two LCVPs that had been hit by mortars. One was nearly awash, the other down by the stern. A third LCVP was picking up the survivors.

The Japs dropped half a dozen mortar shells in the vicinity of our APA, but none came close. About 100 yards offshore we heard the crack of sniper fire and the pop-pop of machine guns.

As we splashed and floundered ashore in waist-deep water, the sniper and machine-gun fire was much louder, very loud in fact. Between the edge of the coconut grove and the surf line there was a two-foot drop. The majority in our wave, the fifth, joined those of the fourth and third waves huddled close against this bank. I wound up behind a coconut stump with Cpl. Joe Cramer of New Orleans, La. To our left the Navy beach party had commandeered a crater and was crouched there trying, it seemed, to hide its brilliantly colored beach markers.

The number of bursts whining seaward presently grew less and I slithered forward a few yards to the lee side of a tank. A lieutenant lying flat in one of the tank tracks asked where D Company was. "They got the captain's boat," he said. "It looks like I'm a company commander, and I can't find our mortars so I guess we're Infantry. We can be Infantry if we have to."

He crawled forward and yelled at his platoon to follow. It did, crouching a hundred yards inland just seaward of a tank ditch.

Infantrymen were slowly getting up, fingers on triggers. As the firing gradually died down, the troops moved off the beach, working inland.

LSTs were coming in to the beach when a Jap artillery piece opened up. Most of us dropped flat again as the shell whirred over our heads and struck the deck of the leading T. In turn, three more Ts were hit repeatedly. Fires broke out in two of them but were quickly brought under control. Once a man's body was flung into the air. On another T, fire reached the ammunition and smoking shells arched into the air.

Lying on the beach, we felt helpless and wondered where our naval gunfire was. The LSTs grounded and began to unload, and presently naval gunfire materialized. The Japs' artillery piece shut up but they continued dropping mortars into the bay. A man crouched near me said: "I'm glad I came in on an early wave this time."

ABOUT 1300 I found the CP of the battalion assigned to take Hill 522, a steep knobby customer overlooking and commanding the beachhead area and the town of Palo. The battalion CO was trying to locate his companies. "We've wasted all that beautiful preparation on the hill," he said. "Everybody bogged down on the beach."

"Have you got C Company commander?" he asked the radioman at the CP. Somebody said: "The CO is missing, but there's a lieutenant right here." The colonel grabbed the lieutenant.

"Dick," he said, "you're commanding now. Move out and don't hold up for a machine gun or a couple of snipers. We want to sit on that hill tonight."

A runner came in and reported that A and B Companies were 300 yards ahead of us and moving slowly. The colonel went up to see for himself and speed things along.

When the colonel came back he told the CP to start packing and sent an advance party out behind the companies to pick a new CP site. We followed them all afternoon without establishing another CP. A, B and C Companies, with D in support, moved steadily through the coconut grove, meeting only light and scattered sniper fire. Eventually they broke into open country, mostly rice paddies with water knee deep.

About 1600 it started raining. The battalion CP by this time consisted simply of those of the battalion staff who weren't running errands for the colonel, two or three enlisted men from each section and the air-ground liaison party.

The attack companies reached the highway that connects Palo with Tacloban, crossed it, called for mortar fire on the hill, got it and, seeing no sign of Japs, continued the advance.

The CP pulled up under a row of trees at the edge of a rice paddy and the colonel surveyed the hill. "Hell," he said, "there's nobody up there."

D Company was moving up now and the colonel stood in the rain slapping the mortar men on the back as they passed and urging them on to the hill.

One soldier stopped. "Sir," he said, pointing to a native house half hidden by palms on the far side of the paddy, "something moved over there."

The colonel said: "Take a squad and investigate. But they may be Filipinos. Don't fire unless fired on. But be careful."

The squad leader called his scouts out, and they moved off and cautiously circled the house. They returned in about 10 minutes herding a fair-size family of Filipinos. Already a girl of 5 or so had her hands full of C-ration candy, lump sugar and a part of a D bar. Two or three natives were smoking American cigarettes. One, a boy of about 15, had been accidentally wounded in the thigh by fragments during the day's fighting.

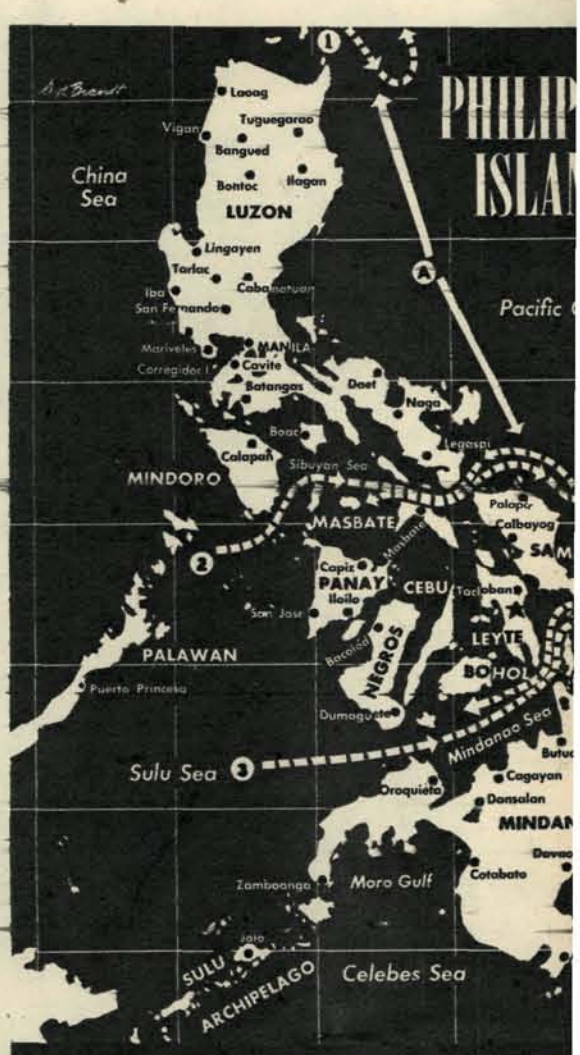
The colonel called for the battalion medics. With smiles to reassure him, two medics dressed the boy's wound. Then grandma and grandpa and another lad stepped forward with cut feet. The medics fixed them up, too, and explained to a girl of 12, who spoke English as if long out of practice, that she should take them to the beach the next day to have the wounds dressed. Smiling, the Filipinos retired, after telling us, "No Japs."

Battalion headquarters splashed on across three or four more rice paddies past a deserted native dwelling whose owner had left a message—"Do not burn my house"—chalked on the door, until they came to the highway.

The highway was the first any of us had seen in two years of grabbing beachheads. It had a 10- or 12-foot hard-surfaced, black-top center, somewhat in need of repair, six-foot shoulders, deep ditches and the kind of single-span cement bridges found on the average country road in the States. There was a four-strand telephone line strung on iron poles beside it. Two men from the battalion wire section cut a 20-foot gap in these lines, and we moved on before anybody could souvenir a Jap staff car that had been strafed to a standstill a few yards down the road.

Again knee deep in water, we waded through a large abaca-hempfield and reached the foot of Hill 522. A few men were already creeping up its nose toward the summit. More infantrymen were slowly spreading across the lower slopes. The Japs had evacuated all but the extreme southern shoulder, and the few still there held their peace for the moment.

WEARY GIs dragged themselves and their equipment up the last steep slopes. A four-man litter squad carrying a man with a shoulder wound began a slow, painful descent to the battalion-aid station. Mortars were mounted in gulleys on the reverse slope and MGs on the crest. The morning's bombardment and bombing had left the hill well pitted with holes. Some of the men improved these craters before tumbling into



Two and a half years after Bataan, American for landed on Leyte Island (star) in the heart of Philippines. First resistance was slight, possibly cause the Japs had expected the attack to come Mindanao or Luzon. In a desperate effort to prev expansion of our beachhead, the Japs committed major strength of their elusive navy. It was rou in vast air-sea battles by two U. S. fleets (A and

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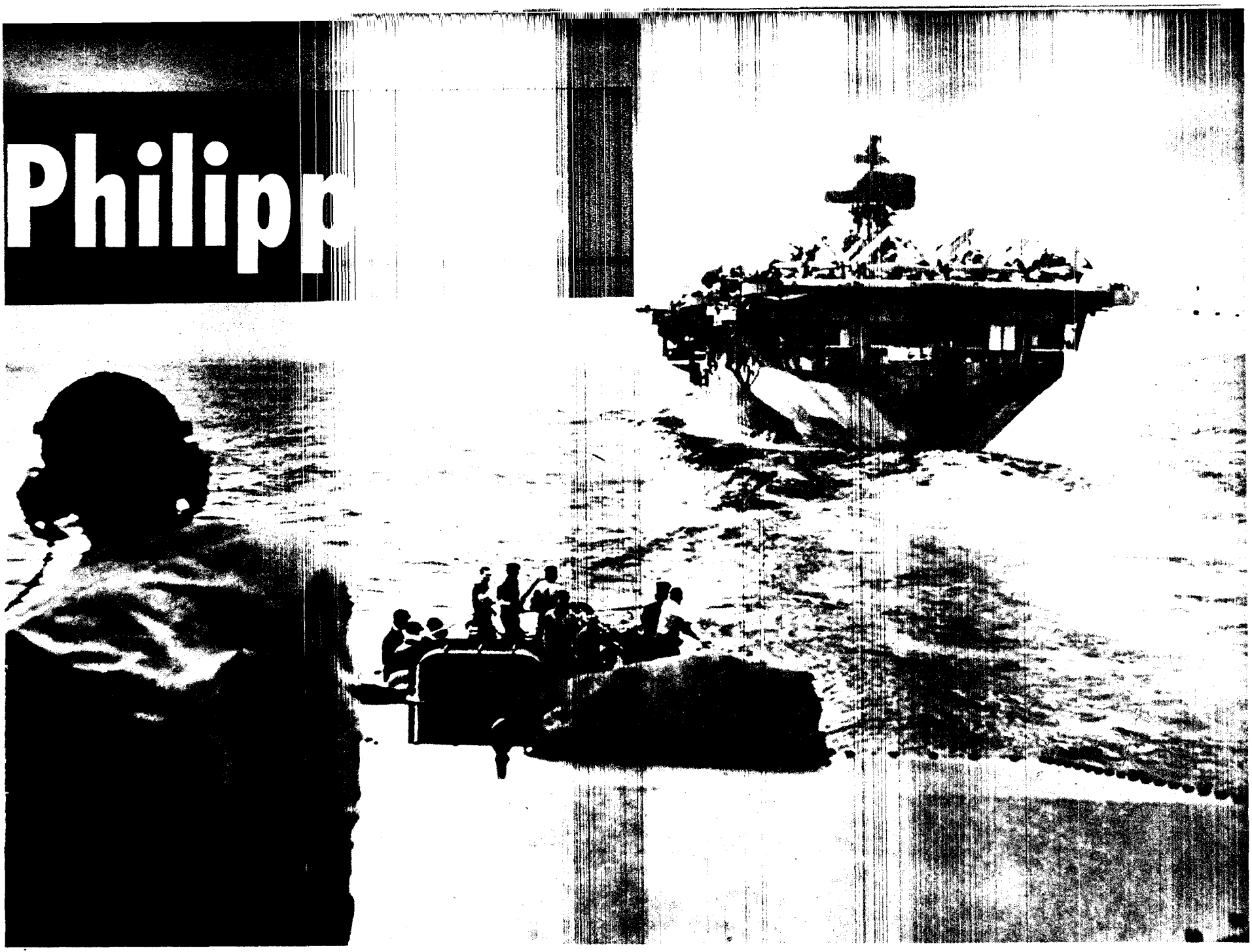
Philipp



them. Others simply fell in. One group broke out a can of C rations.

The rain had stopped and the rocky earth was damp. It had been like other landings, but tiny, flickering lights in Palo at the foot of the hill were something new and different. The men, however, were too tired to make comparisons.

Liberation's Start

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—The sands were hot from the mountain guns and mortars of the Japs when we hit the beach at Leyte but that didn't stop the natives from welcoming us. It was only a few hours after the initial landings when an old man and two young girls walked quietly into the beachhead area.

One of the girls carried an American flag, or at least a reasonable facsimile of one. The Filipinos were hungry, and the GIs gave them some 10-in-1 rations. They told how the Japs had burned their homes. They ate their fill and then, smoking cigarettes, left for division headquarters.

A few minutes later a Signal Corps lineman stuck his pole climbers into the shell-scarred trunk of a coconut palm and the American flag fluttered out over the beach.

This was the first bit of American territory regained by the GIs who had been driving the Japs back since the first amphibious landing at Nassau Bay, but it was no more dramatic than any of the earlier landings. As a matter of fact, except for one sharp difference, the beach looked like all the other desolate places the GIs had visited previously. The difference was that the coral that had made their foxhole-digging so difficult had at last turned to sand.

Leyte Valley, which is the part of the island most important to us in a military sense, is also vastly important to the more than 900,000 Filipinos on the island, eighth largest in the Philippines. From this valley comes most of their food. The principal crops of the numerous small farmers are rice, coconuts and abaca hemp. The valley is in a typhoon belt and the rainfall in the approaching season will be heavy.

The rain began falling in midafternoon of A-Day, and Gen. MacArthur was caught in the downpour as he was making his speech to the Filipino people from a radio truck on the beach. The general was not dressed in the attire usual for amphibious assaults. He wore sun-tans (the pants were pleated slacks), his famous cap and oxfords. The only thing that made him look as if he might be on an enemy-challenged beach was the revolver he carried loosely in his hip pocket.

The President of the Philippines, Sergio Osmena, was with Gen. MacArthur's party and he also addressed his people over the radio.

The war went on while the speeches were being made.

—Sgt. CHUCK RATHE
YANK Staff Correspondent

From Attu to Leyte

DULAG VILLAGE, LEYTE—The 7th Division has hit another island—the biggest and the farthest from home they have struck yet. The men of the 7th thought Attu was far from home, then changed their minds when they stormed ashore at Kwajalein. Now in the Philippines, some 6,700 air miles from San Francisco, they have changed their minds again.

Most of them agree with 1st Sgt. Paul Thompson of Beverly Hills, Calif., who came ashore with the first wave of the 32d Infantry Regiment. "It wasn't as tough as Kwajalein," said Thompson, "but still tough. The beach is no beauty, but there's no coral like in them damned atolls."

And no muskeg as on Attu, either, he could have added, and no watching the medics lug in your buddies stricken with immersion foot.

The beachhead, flanked by native huts built much in the style of those on Tarawa, looked roughly like any other Pacific beachhead, but offshore the fleet of ships was so tremendous that the men, judging simply by newsreels, compared it to the Normandy invasion. Jeeps, tanks, amtracks, buffaloes, tracks of all sizes and giant panting dogs of the 40th K-9 Unit went up and down the beach in orderly confusion.

Soldiers who led the 7th-Division assault at both Attu and Kwajalein noted the absence of Japs in the beachhead area. You had to go at least 50 yards beyond the village to see anything resembling a clump of bodies.

"Mortars again!" said Platoon Sgt. Hank Holman of Selma, Calif. "They've backed up as far as possible and hope the damned mortars will stop us. Just like Kwajalein. You'd think they'd learn. Evidently they don't."

—Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

It Sarong Story

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC — An exhilarated pilot of the Thirteenth Air Force came back from a P-38 attack on the Philippines with a story that tops all others of Filipinos waving happily to flyers making low-level raids.

He said he was flying low when he passed over a Filipino girl. He says she tore off her sarong and waved it at him. The intelligence officers who heard his story say it may be so, but they think it's a case of wishful thinking.

THE LAST BREAKFAST

LEYTE, THE PHILIPPINES—The men who went to Leyte on an LST—LST 452, if you care for numbers—weren't too keen about their last meal on shipboard, but they didn't get really sore until they heard what the men aboard an APA got. The APA crowd was served a final breakfast of steak, scrambled eggs, corn-meal mush, bread and butter, apples and coffee. The LST men got peas, Spam and dehydrated potatoes.

—Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Liberation of ATHENS

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
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ATHENS, GREECE — Liberation is getting to be old familiar stuff in Europe these days, but the feeling that swept this great city when it found itself free of Germans was something extra special, in a class by itself.

That was because the Greek people, as enemies of Hitler's fascism and as loyal members of the United Nations during the four years when such loyalty brought nothing but suffering, were also in a class by themselves. This country fought the war the hard way. It stood up against the Germans back in 1940 and early 1941, when Britain was unable to help and Russia and the U. S. were still sitting it out on the sidelines. Standing up against Germany wasn't considered the fashionable thing to do in Europe in those days.

When the Germans turned the full force of their then magnificent *Panzer* divisions toward Greece and finally overwhelmed the country, the Greeks still refused to make any kind of deal. There were no Petains or Lavals here. Rather than work for the Germans, the Greeks preferred *SS* torture chambers, firing squads and starvation.

Athens therefore had more than the usual reasons to cheer when the last dead-panned German soldier marched out of the city between lines of singing and marching men, women and children who waved Greek, British and American flags in his face. And the welcome the Greeks gave the British troops entering Athens during the next few days was bigger and louder than the American Legion conventions and the receptions for Lindbergh in 1927 all put together.

I arrived in Athens on a Saturday night, two days after the last Germans departed and two days before Lt. Gen. R. M. Scorbie led the main British invasion force in by sea from Alexandria and Taranto. I drove into the city by jeep along the shore road from Megara with a detachment of Red Devils, the veteran British paratroopers who had fought in the line at Cassino and other major operations. We found the road blown up by the retreating Germans in four or five places, but Greek men and women—working all day on their own with picks and shovels—mended it.

In every country village along the road, church bells were ringing and people pressed forward to our jeep, shaking our hands, giving the thumbs-up salute and offering us bread, cakes and fresh fruits even though food is scarce here. One woman handed a large bundle to one of our men and was lost in the crowd before he could give it back to her. He opened it later and found a large hand-knitted blanket, two clean sheets and a pillowcase.

When we reached downtown Athens, it was impossible to drive the jeep on until Greek Partisan soldiers opened a path for us through the mobs of people. We finally managed to reach the Grande Bretagne Hotel. When we climbed out of the jeep, the crowd swallowed us up, and the next thing I knew I was being squeezed, shaken, thumped, kissed and then picked up and carried down the street on somebody's shoulders. Luckily I heard a boy near me speaking English. I leaned down, shouting in his ear to make myself heard above the roaring crowd, and asked him to get me off the shoulders of these people and into the hotel across the street.

"Are you American?" he shouted back.

"Yes," I hollered.

"I am 17 years old and an American citizen," he shouted. "I want more than anything else to get into the American Army. How can I do this?"

"*Viva Americano!*" the crowd roared.

"Tell these people to let me down," I yelled at the boy, "and get me into the hotel across the street and I'll tell you all about it."

He finally managed, with fluent Greek persuasion, to squeeze me to the door of the hotel, but not before I had been kissed on the cheeks by three men, two women and two girls. After one of the girls had finished kissing me, she said very formally, in perfect English: "I hope you don't misunderstand this welcome. We Greeks are very enthusiastic people." In the hotel lobby the boy who had saved me from the crowd explained that his name was John Hatzis and that he was born in Boston, where his father used to work for the Boston and Albany Railroad.

When I told him that I, too, came from Boston, he was all excited. He said he came to Athens when he was 10 to spend a few years, and the war prevented his return to the States. His case is not unusual. We found the country full of Greek-Americans with sisters, brothers or wives in Memphis, St. Louis, New York or San Francisco. In fact, there seem to be more Greek-Americans here than Italian-Americans in Italy.

John told us the celebration in the streets had been going on steadily for three days, ever since the first Germans started to leave. We watched the people from the windows of the hotel, burning red flares and firing skyrockets evidently saved for this long-awaited occasion. All the Greek political organizations were out in force, with placards, flags and songs. The Greeks are great ones for chanting slogans while they march. There was a big representation of the Kappa Kappa Epsilon, the Greek Communist group, weaving along the street in a procession like a snake dance and roaring in perfect harmony like a college fraternity: "Kap-pa Kap-pa Ep-see-lon." It sounded like the campus at Ann Arbor, Mich., the night before the Minnesota game.

WE had expected to find Athens without electricity or water, but the whole city was brightly lighted and water flowed from every faucet with more force and quantity than you could find in Rome or Naples. This, however, wasn't because of luck or German kind-heartedness. Just before they left, the Germans sent an expert demolition outfit to destroy the huge power plant in Piraeus, which supplies Athens and

As his men drop from the sky behind and above him, British Brig. G. H. V. Pritchard, commander of No. 2 Independent Parachute Brigade, stands with folded arms.

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When British forces entered the Greek capital city, they found the people noisily celebrating their release from three years of systematic German terror.

other cities and towns in this section with electricity. But the night shift at the power plant, with the help of a few Partisans, fought them off and saved the plant, killing nine Germans, wounding 25 and taking several prisoners.

The Germans also attempted to destroy the great dam at Marathon, an action that would have left Athens without water this winter. A force of ELAS soldiers turned them back. The Nazis did blow up the docks in Piraeus, however, leaving millions of dollars worth of damage.

The people in Athens need clothing and food badly, but they're not starving as they were in 1941 and 1942. When you ask why the food situation improved this year, they all give the same answer: the International Red Cross.

"Without the Red Cross food, we would have all been dead," they say. "That was our only source of food. The children especially owe their lives to the Red Cross. We fed our babies on nothing but their canned and powdered milk. The Germans slaughtered all our cows for beef."

The Greeks don't like to talk about the winters of 1941 and 1942, before the Red Cross began to deliver food in large quantities. "Everywhere you went you saw people actually collapsing and dying on the streets of hunger," one man told me. "I remember one time I saw the body of a young girl stretched across the sidewalk. A German soldier came walking by and stepped right over her. He didn't have the decency to walk around the body. Things like that you can't forget."

Greeks say with a sad smile that the Red Cross food-distribution centers managed by Swiss and Swedes were the only "white markets" in Athens. Practically everything in the city was bought and sold in the black market, sponsored originally by German profiteers. The Nazis ruined the financial structure of Greece. The inflation here is terrific.

Before the war the Greek *drachma* was worth about 160 to the American dollar. As I write, the *drachma* is worth almost 100 billion to the dollar and its value is still dropping. One cigarette costs 80 billion *drachmas*. One egg costs 8 billion *drachmas* and in some places one bottle of beer costs 4 billion *drachmas*. Paper money is so plentiful and worthless the barbers are using 500-*drachma* notes to wipe the lather from their razors. The par value of money in Athens drops so quickly that employers have to pay their help three times weekly. Wages are paid partly in bread and partly in *drachmas*. The employees spend their *drachmas* as soon as they get their hands on them for fear the value may take another drop within the next hour.

The inflation makes people distrust any kind of paper money no matter what country it's from, but most people will accept British 10-shilling notes and U. S. $1 bills. Nobody, however, wants $10 or $20 bills because you can't get them changed. If you go to a broker on the Athens Stock Exchange and ask him to change an American $10 bill, he won't give you more than $4.50.

THE Greek Government of Prime Minister George Papandreou, which returned here from Italy a few days after the invasion, is taking immediate steps to stabilize the *drachma* but admits the job will be tough.

The Government will also have its hands full making peace among the local political parties. The two parties struggling for power are the EDES, an extremely nationalistic "Greece First" movement, and the EAM, a left-wing workers' organization that isn't as communistic as most people outside Greece think it is.

The EAM consists of several antifascist labor and Partisan groups. Kappa Kappa Epsilon, the Greek Communist Party, is only one of those EAM groups right now. Like the FFI in France, the EAM is riding on the crest of a popularity wave because its army, the ELAS, fought so well against the Germans during the occupation. The EDES has plenty of support, too, because it is so

A 51st Troop Carrier Wing pilot wishes good luck to a British paratrooper about to take off for Greece.

Near the airfield at Megara, a British paratrooper pins the Union Jack on the arm of a small Greek boy.

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bitterly anti-Bulgarian. The average Greek hates Bulgaria even more than he hates Germany.

Greeks take their politics seriously. The day after we arrived in Athens the EDES attempted to parade through the town, and the procession happened to meet a large EAM group that had apparently been parading since the Germans left. One word led to another, and guns were pulled. A wild fight broke out, and before the police could break it up eight people were killed and many were wounded. The fight brought the holiday mood in Athens to an abrupt end, and the whole city that night was tense.

The next day the EAM people surrounded the downtown headquarters of the EDES and refused to let anybody leave or enter the building. The Greeks say that this intense party rivalry was deliberately encouraged by the Germans.

FEW European countries have suffered more cold-blooded cruelty from the Germans than Greece in the past 3½ years. On my second day here I went to the *SS* headquarters building—the place where, as one Greek officer described it, "they took you when they knocked on your door in the night." *SS* headquarters was a big four-story building on one of the nicest streets in town. The entrance had been partly demolished by a grenade thrown by a Partisan during the last days of the German occupation, and we had to climb over the wreckage in the hallway.

The *SS* agents apparently left in a hurry, but they tried to take everything with them. The rooms were bare of furniture, but papers and documents were scattered over the floor.

In one room I bent down and looked at some letters and photographs that must have been dumped out of a trunk in somebody's attic. Most of them were souvenirs of a wedding—pictures of a bride and groom, letters and wires of congratulations, gift cards and other intimate mementos carefully saved and cherished by some woman for years. They concerned nobody except the man and the woman who owned them, and here they were, scattered on the floor of the Nazi Storm-Troop headquarters, dirtied and torn. I looked again at the pictures and the name and noticed that the couple was Jewish.

I went upstairs and looked at the small cells where the Nazis made their victims sweat it out awaiting the third degree or a flogging or the firing squad. The cells were tiny cubicles without ventilation except for a small opening in the door, the size of a saucer. They weren't big enough to allow a man of medium height to stand up inside.

In one cell I saw some handwriting in pencil on the plaster wall: "Today I am to be shot. Long live Greece!" Then a name and date.

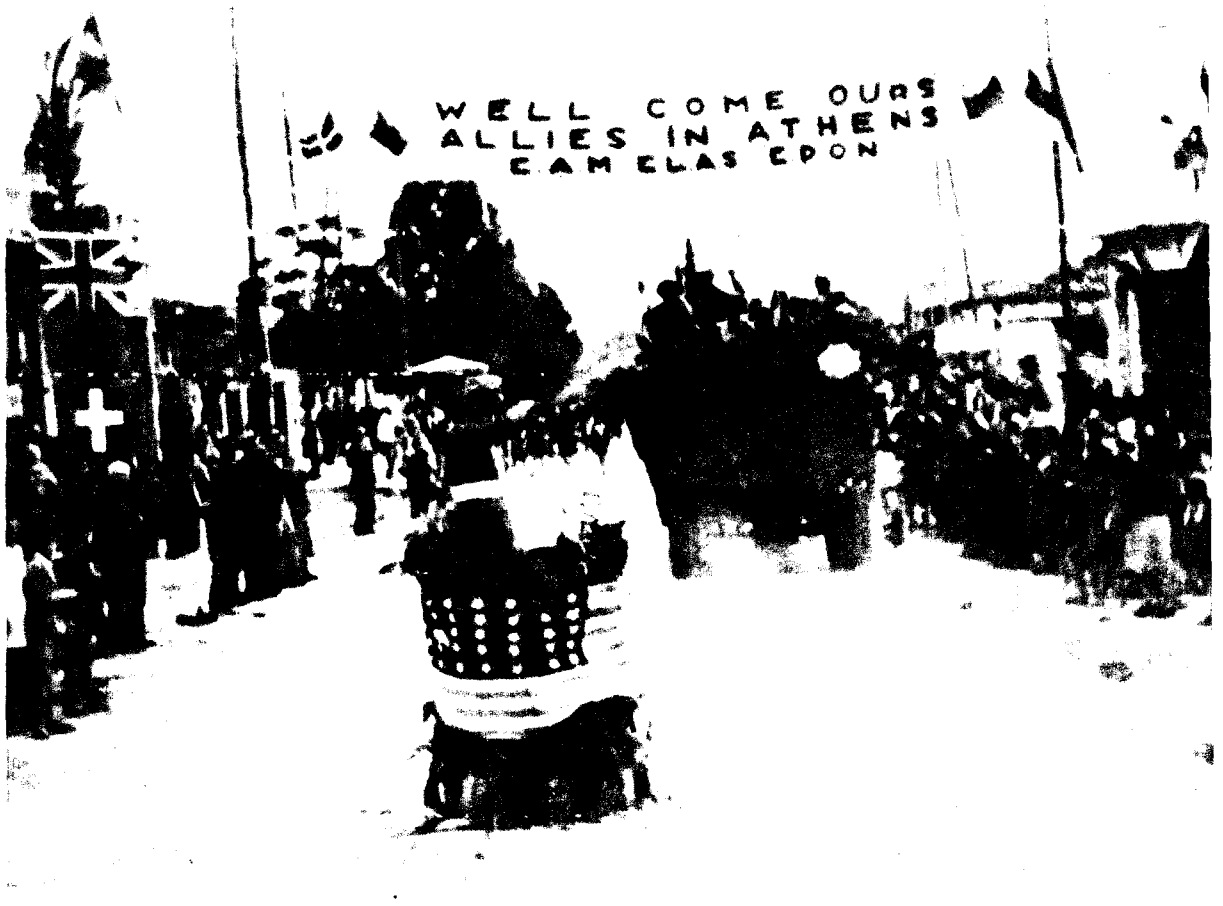
On the floor above the cells there was another room with nothing in it but a hook on the wall about 7½ feet from the floor. The *SS* men hung prisoners by the wrist from this hook, stripped off their clothes and flogged them with a lead-tipped lash. The marks of the lash cut into the walls below the hook. The floor and walls were smeared with bloodstains. It looked as though the Nazis had the habit of slapping their bleeding victims around the room a little bit just for the hell of it after they'd finished the floggings.

On the same floor in another room I saw the radio they used to turn up loud so the screams wouldn't disturb the neighbors.

This Week's Cover

IN Germany, Pvt. Conrad Baker steps away from his machine gun and his alarm clock to try on a brand new overcoat that bears the usual quota of tags. Baker, who comes from New York City where winter can get kind of tough, discovered that it gets darn cold in Hitler's Germany, too.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 3—Acme. 4—Upper, Mediterranean Allied Air Forces; lower, INP. 5—Mediterranean Allied Air Forces. 6—Acme. 7—Signal Corps. 8—Mattie Edwards Hewitt. 9—Revere Copper & Brass Inc. 10—Acme. 12 & 13—Sgt. Donald Breimhurst. 18—Upper, ATC, Miami, Fla.; lower left, Signal Corps, Camp Pickett, Va.; lower center, AAFTC, Buckley Field, Colo.; lower right, Camp Blanding, Fla. 19—Upper left, AAF, Biggs Field, Tex.; upper right, Signal Corps, Camp Robinson, Ark.; center left, Rapid City AAF, S. Dak. 20—Columbia Pictures. 23—Sgt. Marvin Fasig.



Athenians were ready to greet their old allies, returning after their four-year absence. They had this sign stretched across the street in time to spell out a welcome for the first contingent of British seaborne troops.

In the back of the *SS* building there is a big yard surrounded by high walls. The Greek police told me that *SS* men used to force their prisoners to run around this yard carrying heavy rocks in their arms until they fell from exhaustion.

The police officers also told me one about the *SS* men I had never heard. Before they fled Athens, they killed many Greek collaborationist stool pigeons who had worked faithfully for them during the last three years. They didn't want to leave behind anybody who knew too much about their work in Greece, possibly out of fear that the collaborators might testify against them in war-criminal trials some day soon.

In Athens alone during the occupation, the Germans killed in cold blood more than 15,000 Greeks. According to the International Red Cross, the Nazis allowed 450,000 Greeks to die of starvation, most of them in the winter of 1941. The Greek Government says another 45,000 were massacred in northern Greece by the Bulgarians.

PERHAPS the most respected man in Athens is Archbishop Damaskinos, head of the Greek Orthodox Church, who risked his life to stand firmly for the rights of his people against the Germans all during the occupation.

Shortly before the Germans left Athens they announced they were going to kill 50 hostages in reprisal for sabotage. Archbishop Damaskinos and 49 of his bishops and priests went to the place of the scheduled execution and offered to take the place of the condemned men. The Germans, realizing that the archbishop had too much prestige to be trifled with, reluctantly called off the executions.

After a German soldier was wounded in Piritidopiion, a suburb of Athens, 150 men, women and children were dragged out into the streets of the district to be shot. Then their houses were burned. Archbishop Damaskinos immediately made a strong protest to the German commander in chief in Athens, Gen. Felmy. The general replied coldly by letter that the archbishop was "spreading British propaganda" and said that mass killings like this were the most efficient means of preventing sabotage.

Another time, in Athens, the Germans shot 14 people for some vague reason, taking them at random from streetcars and busses that happened to be passing near the place of execution. They buried the bodies without identifying them. The archbishop went to the burying place himself, although the Germans threatened to shoot him, and had the bodies dug up. The people whose relatives were missing all assembled in the cemetery and identified the dead from neckties, coats, hats and other articles of clothing found on the bodies.

The archbishop tells other stories, like the one about the country town where all the men were machine-gunned in the village square and all the women and children were locked in the schoolhouse, which was set afire. One German, unable to stand the sight, finally ran back to the door and let a few of the victims out.

Archbishop Damaskinos is a striking man, 6 feet 4, with a tremendous beard. He's only 54, but the strain of the last three years has left its mark on him, and he looks like 70. When he speaks of the Germans he becomes bitter.

"Their cruelty has marred the soul of Greece," he says. "They have built up such a barrier of blood and murder between our people and theirs that it seems impossible that friendly relations between the two countries can ever be restored."

THAT night I had dinner with a young Greek who had lived in America and had worked for the British Intelligence in Athens for the last two years. He had been imprisoned by the Germans and had narrowly escaped the firing squad. We were having a quiet conversation about pleasant things. I was telling him about food in New York and what the college football season was going to be like this year.

He mentioned how excited the Greeks were at the prospect of seeing American movies again for the first time since 1940. The movie houses in Athens are advertising such coming attractions as "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" and "The Road Back"—pictures they had received just before the Germans came and had been saving carefully ever since. Then when he started to tell me how newsdealers were now selling old copies of the *National Geographic* magazine and the *Reader's Digest*, I interrupted him.

"Listen," I said, "suppose you had to do it all over again. Do you think it would be worth it?"

The smile left his face. "What do you mean?" he said.

I could tell from the way he looked at me what the answer was going to be, and I wished I hadn't mentioned it. "Well," I said, "let's say the Germans come back next year, and you people find yourselves in the same spot you were in 1941. Do you think you could face three more years of hunger and killings? Or would you give up and say what the hell is the use and try to make a bargain with the Germans?"

I never saw a man get really mad so quickly. He looked as though I had said something dirty about his mother. For a minute I thought he was going to stand up and take a punch at me.

Finally he began to get himself under control. He didn't say anything for a while. Then he doubled up his fist and gave the table one sharp blow.

"Make a bargain with the Germans?" he said. "My God, it would be treason to our dead."

I think he will feel the same way 20 or even 50 years from now. I wonder if we will.

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years. Most feel they will be among friends and relatives who, by virtue of their deferred status, will enjoy a security of employment and a better financial condition.

Without outright grants to compensate for the soldiers' financial sacrifice, what opportunity is there for personal readjustment?

My conviction is that the Government should create an agency, similar to RFC and FSA, to make outright loans, secured by GI insurance, to servicemen. Coupled with this provision should be the privilege of buying surplus goods at appraisal prices. These goods should be sold only to servicemen for a period of one year after the duration plus six months.

Unless the Government adopts some such policy of controlled preference in purchase of surplus goods along with a liberal loan policy, the only alternative is the outright gift — the bonus.

Egypt —Pfc. WILLIAM J. GREEN

Only for Combat Men

YES, they should, but with all the benefits and considerations servicemen have already been allowed, it should be given only to men who have been part of combat units and missions. In amount it should depend upon length of time in such service.

It seems only proper that those who have shared the brunt of the battle should be justly rewarded in a practical way. However, the soldier who depends too much upon these extra lifts from the Government helps deplete an already weakened Treasury, which he himself will have to restabilize later.

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS: *Should veterans of this war get a bonus?*

Don't Repeat 1920s

YES, by all means. It's the least a grateful Government can do for those who sacrificed that it might be preserved. It will probably take some time for the majority of veterans to adjust themselves again and they will need some kind of financial support till they can find their places in civilian life. We don't want the same conditions repeated after this war that followed the last one. In the long run it will be cheaper, not only for the nation, but for each and every local community.

Title III of the Murray-Kilgore Bill seems fair except that it shows preference to those who have had service outside the continental U. S. Haven't we who were not sent across because of some stroke of fate also done our bit? After all, not all of those who actually got across got into combat.

Camp Davis, N. C. —S/Sgt. B. H. RAPOPORT

Even Up Incomes

EVERY citizen of the United States is entitled to the same chance of making a decent living. Nobody will deny this.

At present this is not possible since some are in the Army and others at home are in war or civilian industry. Even considering the higher costs of living in the U. S., people on the home front are earning much more than the servicemen. They are able to secure a home and build up a safe future. If the economic situation after the war should get worse, they will be better able to face it.

It is an honor and a duty of each able-bodied man to defend his country. On the other hand, it is the duty of the people who stayed behind to make up to the servicemen the difference in their earnings.

We are prepared to give up quite a lot, but it is my opinion that each serviceman should receive at least a part of the difference for each day he was in the service. He should receive about $3 for each day he served while in the U. S. and $1 additional for each day he endured the hardships of service overseas. So as not to endanger the economic balance, payments should be spread out in installments over a five-year period.

The great majority of soldiers expect a bonus of not less than $2,000, and it would be an advantage to the political safety of the U. S. after the war if this question could be settled satisfactorily now.

I cannot see how anyone could have any substantial reason for opposing the bonus.

Which is the more comfortable—living at home or in the jungles of the Pacific area? Why not put each citizen on an equal basis?

New Guinea —Cpl. FRED FRIEDMAN

Tax Exemption, Too

OF course veterans should receive a bonus. Aside from injury or death, the greatest loss to an enlisted man has been time—time which might have been used in building up the useful pursuits of life. Therefore, it is only proper and right that the veteran should be given a bonus in the form of an outright grant in exchange for the time which he gave so freely in the service of his country.

The question, however, should also be whether or not the veteran who gave his time and risked his life should pay for so doing. The war will not be paid for in the life span of the veteran. Should he not be given a permanent income-tax exemption—either a definite amount each year or a certain percentage based on the percentage of the tax dollar expended the previous year in payment of expenses of the war?

Great Britain —T-5 DONALD C. HUDDLESTON

Reward for Action

PERSONALLY, I think that those men who have been in front-line troops for a long time should get a bonus.

There are boys in the South Pacific who have been there ever since this war started. I don't think they could get anything that would be too good for them since they have been through so much hardship.

I think there should be a line drawn between those who have seen only a little action and those who have had a long exposure to it. I haven't seen very much action yet myself. I was wounded in France, but I don't think I am entitled to as much as the men who have been fighting actively a longer time.

France —Pfc. HAROLD MATHISON

Loans Instead

I FEEL that most men in the service are sensitive about their financial position. They want no charity. They do want fair treatment.

They know they will return to an economy which has been severely dislocated and one

Any soldier receiving mustering-out pay, hospitalization, rehabilitation training, educational and vocational aid, help in finding work to suit him, disability pension, civil-service job priorities and all else from the GI Bill of Rights isn't going to be too concerned about a bonus. If he is given a chance to work and to live in peace and security in his democracy, he will be happy.

A man who is a part of a whole society benefits himself by benefiting that society.

Chicago, Ill. —ex-T-5 E. SIEMIANOWSKI (Veteran)

Not For Sale

NO!

Why not?

Men are in the armed forces basically as an elementary duty.

Patriotism is not for sale at any price.

Pensions should care for war-contracted disabilities *only*.

Loss of income while in the armed forces is not a valid excuse for "selling patriotism and loyalty" at so much per day. "Adjusted compensation" is a compromising, weasel expression.

The Presidents of both major parties correctly vetoed the mercenary bonus bills of the other war. Their reasons are as valid now as then.

Employable men should be as gentlemanly about earning their way in civilian life as they have been gentlemanly and loyal in accepting the sacrifices of life in the armed forces.

Alaska —Pvt. LINDELL F. BAGLEY

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. Our next question will be "Which Was the Greater Menace to Our Country and Our Values, Germany or Japan?" If you have any ideas on this subject, send them in to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, the Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will give you time to get your answers here by mail. The best letters received will be printed in YANK.

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STANDARD CONSTRUCTION. If you're planning to build or buy a new home right after the war, this house is typical of what you should be able to get for $6,000

Your Post-War Home

It will cost about $6,000 to buy or build a standard-construction house. If you wait a few years, you may get a prefabricated house for as little as $1,500.

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Writer

IF you're figuring on building or buying yourself a new house right after the war, you'd better forget about it unless 1) you've got $6,000 socked away or 2) you're going to have a job paying you at least $46.15 a week.

That sounds rough after all the fancy chatter you've been hearing about low-cost post-war housing, but it's the straight dope, based on questions put to the editors of the *Architectural Forum* and *Better Homes and Gardens*, the presidents of two home-loan banking outfits, a Federal Housing Authority administrator, a building contractor and Henry J. Kaiser.

All but two of these men agreed on one thing —the $6,000.

That's the price they figure you'll have to count on paying for a four- or five-room house that won't fall in on you during the 20 years or so you'll be shelling out the monthly payments. And monthly payments are the only way most of us will be able to dish up the money—even if about 18 percent of all soldiers' pay *is* slapped away in War Bonds. There are few GIs who will be able to walk in and hand the man $6,000 cash.

Another cheering outlook is that these housing experts say your $6,000 house will be the same bungalow you could have picked up for $4,500 before the war.

One man who waggled his head against the $6,000 estimate was the president of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of New York. He said you ought to be able to buy a four- or five-room house for about $4,100 after the war. He recommended that I talk about price to a big multiple-housing outfit, the Castleton Housing Corporation. Edwin Wolf, Castleton's head man, said $6,000.

Henry J. Kaiser, the same Kaiser whose ships you've been hitting the beaches in, wouldn't talk about price yet, but he predicts the housing industry will go in for mass-production methods after the war. He himself has announced plans to try out assembly-line production of livable homes, using gypsum instead of lumber. These houses might sell for 23 percent less than those of ordinary wooden-frame construction.

All the boys who are betting on the assembly-line house, however, admit that it won't come until some time later. How much later depends on the attitude of the building-trades unions and of the standard-construction contractors.

The pitch, then, is high costs on materials, labor and everything else—an over-all increase at present of 30 percent above 1940 costs. Why are the costs so high? How long may conditions stay that way? And what can an ex-GI who wants his own home do about it?

Costs will hang on at a high level because the priorities on materials will be relaxed gradually as war needs thin down and because of the old angle about supply and demand. In spite of all the yammering you hear about the folks back home spending their dough like crazy, the people of the U. S. have tucked away $130 billion for a rainy day, about one-third of it in Government bonds. People with money like that are going to want to buy a lot of things after the war that they could never afford before—like houses.

It'll be a long time before the building industry's supply can meet that demand. Howard Myers, publisher of the *Architectural Forum*, told a bunch of builders and home-utilities experts that if the war ended tomorrow it would take seven to 10 months just to get enough men back into the lumber camps and enough wood out of the forests for anybody even to start large-scale building.

How long prices are going to hang high is anybody's guess, but the longer guesses are getting the best odds.

WHAT can you do, then, about buying or building a house?

The first thing to do is to be cagey. Shop around. Don't let the first fast talker who meets you at the gangplank give you a snow job about a mansion overlooking Lakeshore Drive, and don't let him work that old beauty about getting your power of attorney so you can "leave all arrangements" to him. The woods will be full of these sharpers, so know your man when you start talking houses.

When you think you've found the right house or the right plans for a house, ask yourself these questions about the location: Is it close to the bus or streetcar? How far away is a school for Junior? Is there a glue factory or rendering plant in the neighborhood, especially to windward? Will airplanes coming in for a landing or trucks on the highway keep you awake all night?

If you get satisfactory answers to all these, then take a good look at your pay check. Building experts and loan agencies calculate that if you're going to buy a house on a long-term payment plan, it should not come to more than 2½ times your annual income. Therefore, if your house is to cost $6,000, you'll have to be pulling in $2,400 a year—$200 a month or $46.15 a week.

Almost any house you buy will call for a down payment of at least 10 percent. On a $6,000 house, that's $600.

(Remember that a house on the East Coast may cost more than a house on the West Coast or in the Middle West, and a house in the Deep South may be cheaper than all of them. But the difference will not be great enough for you to change your plans about where you want to live after the war.)

Under provisions of Title III, Section 501, of the GI Bill of Rights (Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944), the Government is making it easy for you, as an ex-GI, to borrow enough money to buy or build a new home. Regulations announced by Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines, administrator of veterans' affairs, say that you should go about borrowing the money just as if there were no such thing as the GI Bill of Rights. That is, go to your bank, building and loan company, lending agency or individual lender and talk over your plans. If you're green at this kind of thing, see the Veterans' Administration first. They'll set you right.

If your potential lender considers that the property you want is suitable and of reasonable value, and that you can repay the loan out of your regular income, the lender himself will then get in touch with the nearest Veterans' Administration office. He'll check up on your eligibility for a loan and ask how much of the loan the Government will guarantee. The answer is that the Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of any amount you want to borrow, up to $4,000 limit.

One thing for you to remember is that you will not be borrowing from the Government. The Veterans' Administration is simply saying that if you failed to pay back what you owe, Uncle Sam

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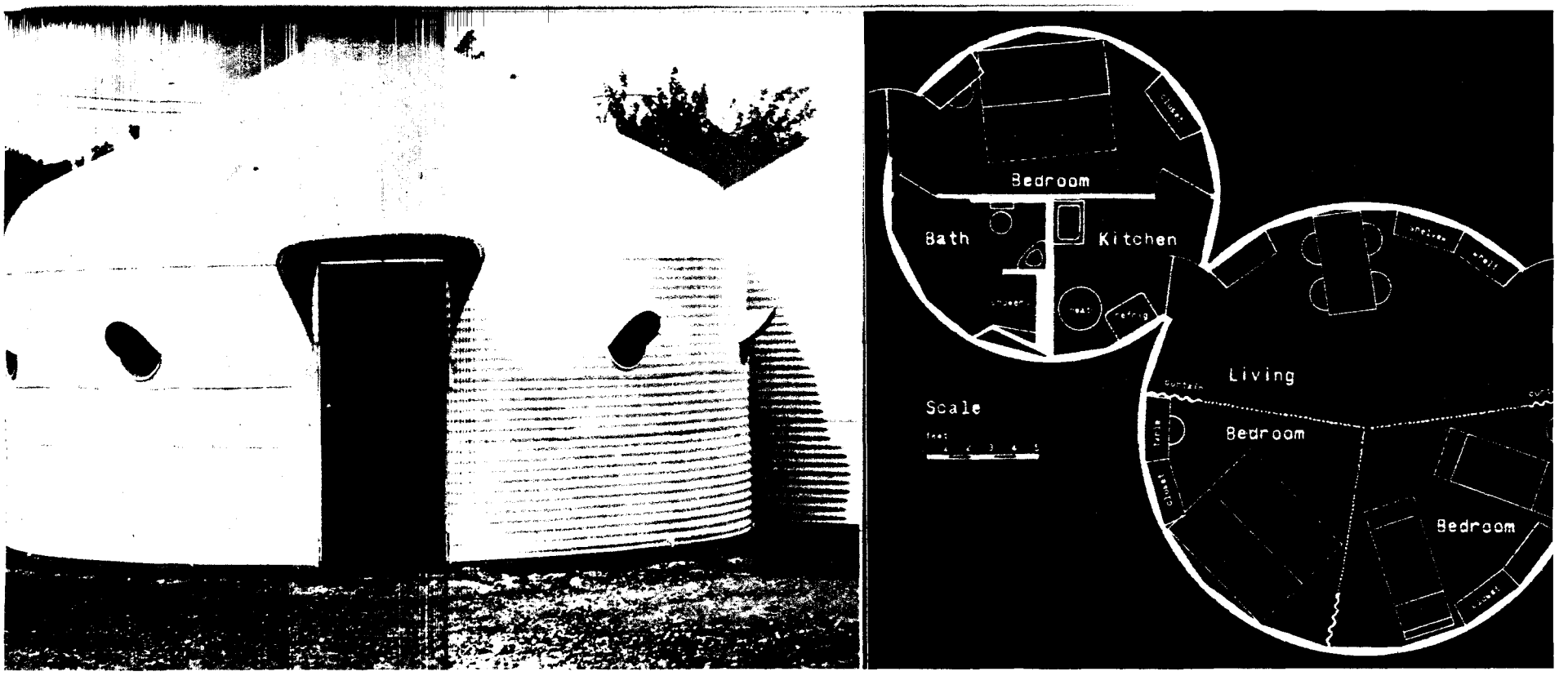

PREFABRICATION. Buckminster Fuller's dymaxion house represents the extreme in plans for prefabricated homes which may sell in a few years for $1,500 and up.

would have to cough up the $2,000 that was guaranteed. For that reason, you'll have to be regarded as a good risk all the way around, and at the same time the Veterans' Administration and your lending agency are going to make it tough for anyone to put over a shady deal on you.

The Veterans' Administration will supervise the loan cases, and they'll check up on how trustworthy a character you are and whether the house you want is worth what you'd have to pay for it. You'll probably be able to swing at least $2,000 more on top of the $4,000 on your own hook, if the Veterans' Administration decides you're any kind of a risk at all.

You'll probably never get to see the $6,000. Your bank will pay the money to the man you're buying the house from, and from then on you'll be paying back the loan to the bank. You will be given up to 20 or 25 years to do this, depending on the outfit you borrow from.

How hard will this paying-back process hit you? Well, every month you will pay $6.60 on every $1,000 of your loan to cover a prorated part of the principal, interest and insurance. You've already made a down payment of $600, so you are now paying on $5,400, and 5.4 times $6.60 is $35.64 a month. Then you will have to pay the taxes on the property. In the East your taxes will come to about $180 a year or $15 a month. This added to the $35.64 makes a total of $50.64 a month, which is considerably less than the rent you'd have to pay on a good apartment in most large cities at current rates.

These calculations are based on 20 years of payment. For 10 or 15 years the monthly rate would be higher; for 25 years lower.

That's the financial picture if you're hepped on choosing your own home immediately after the war. It's a steep haul, and even the building industry admits you'll be paying a third more than the pre-war prices. (The present swollen wage scale of wartime may hang on for a spell, too, but probably not for anywhere near as long as it'll take you to pay off the mortgage.)

SUPPOSE, though, you're willing to stick around for a few years before buying a house. Elmo Roper, the survey man, took a poll and found that 13.3 percent of all the families in the country have some hazy notion about owning a new home after the war. That would mean about 4,700,000 houses. (The biggest number ever built in the U. S. in one year was 937,000, in 1925.)

Gen. Hines made a point of warning that you shouldn't rush into anything blindly, because you can apply for a loan any time within two years after you get your honorable discharge or the end of the war, whichever is later, but in any event not more than five years after war ends.

If you have the patience to hold off for ump or umpteen years, some sections of the building industry promise you'll be able to own your own home for any amount you want to spend, beginning at $1,500. And you can have your choice of the dymaxion house, the segmental house, the plank-panel house, the V-building, the house with no kitchen and the house with water on the roof. The air will be full of such terms as prefabrication, work center, modules, stress-skin tension, radiant heating and service unit.

The cheapest house yet proposed is the dymaxion house, designed by the engineer and inventor, Buckminster Fuller. It looks like an oil-storage tank with portholes and could sell for $1,500. You build it from the top down by bolting together several petal-shaped roof sections and hoisting them up a mast. Then you hang the metal wall panels onto the roof, lower them onto a circle of bricks, bolt your steel floor sections to the bottom rim and move in.

PREFABRICATION is the big excitement, though Simon Breines, a New York architect, says it's nothing new; parts of buildings have been more or less prefabricated for many years. Not so long ago it was considered a big improvement when you were able to buy a factory-made kitchen cabinet, all in one unit. Breines has designed a 3-foot-4-inch module, or standard panel, which you can use like the panels in Army field construction to build your house. One module is just right for the closet floor. Four square modules make a bathroom, nine a small dining room and 12 a bedroom.

Breines wants these modules and roof- and floor-supports to be built like airplanes, on the principle of "stress-skin tension." He's not alone in that wish, either. The United Automobile Workers have proposed that most of the country's wartime air-frame assembly plants be reconverted to the manufacture of units for low-cost prefabricated houses. The UAW estimates that three million men could be employed this way—an estimate that contradicts those who say mass-produced houses would throw a lot of men out of work.

Breines is also the fellow who figured out that if you build a flat roof with a little rim around it, then flood it with a thin film of water, you've got an overhead surface that reflects the sun's heat, thus keeping your house cooler in summer.

The innumerable quonset huts, Stout houses and K/D buildings that the Army has thrown up all over the world have proved the practicability of mass-scale prefabrication.

Norman Bel Geddes, the famous stage designer and architect, has worked out a house assembled from 27 basic units. The utility unit—a wall with all the kitchen plumbing on one side and the bathroom accessories on the other — can be stamped out by machine like an auto body. The house has no basement. It rests on seven concrete piers. Closets form the interior partitions, hold up the roof and make the rooms soundproof from each other. You can make 11 different houses from the same set of units, and six men can put up the house in one eight-hour day.

Bel Geddes' house is probably a sample of what all the prefabrication people are working toward. "Standard" features of all the factory-processed housing plans are walls with all wiring and piping inside, ready to be connected, great window spaces and mechanical dishwashers.

Harwell Hamilton Harris of Los Angeles has cooked up what he calls the "segmental house," described as "a means by which a young husband and wife can plan a house for their ultimate needs and achieve it gradually as their requirements and incomes increase." He suggests you invest in a 100-by-150-foot lot in a good location, then build a "basic house" of a small living room, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen with dining space and laundry and heater room. He figures you could put this part up for about $3,350. Harris' plan of construction makes it easy for you to add rooms at a cost of about $4 for every square foot of floor space until you've got a mansion with a living room, dining room, service rooms, six bedrooms, four baths and several "garden rooms."

One big movement gaining a lot of followers in the building industry is the sale of the complete or "packaged" house. This means that some day you may be able to walk into a big department store, look at a selection of plans, and walk out as the buyer of a house that already has in it an electric stove, refrigerator, washing machine and several other pieces of functional furniture. The cost of the extra equipment would be spread out over the same period that you would be allowed for buying the house.

For instance, in some more or less distant day, your monthly payment on a house might be $35, including interest, principal, insurance and taxes. If you were to buy in addition a range, refrigerator and automatic laundry, paying for them separately, under the present-day 30-month installment plan, they would cost about $15.80 per installment, which would increase your total monthly lay-out to $50.80. However, under this new "packaged house" arrangement, your payments on the accessories would come to only $2.38 monthly, making a total cost of $37.38 a month. In other words, although the cost of the extra equipment is no less, payment is easier in the smaller installments over a longer period.

WHY aren't all of these houses and plans on the market today? There are two obvious reasons. The first, naturally, is the war. The other is that not enough people have shown they are interested or able to buy mass-produced houses. The building industries are not going to risk a lot of capital until they're sure they can sell the houses by the numbers.

That puts you, then, right back where we started—just out of the Army and wanting a home. In fact, you're farther back than that. You're not even out of the Army yet.

But you can start planning now. Keep your eyes open. Look at houses or pictures of houses whenever you get a chance. Decide what you like. Write your girl friend or your wife and tell her to be thinking about it.

For most of us buying a house will be a lifetime investment. Don't muff it.

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How Aachen Died

To the Germans it was a symbol of something bigger but to the Infantry it was just one more place to encircle and mop up.

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN, GERMANY [By Cable]—The Infantry outfit had lost its platoon sergeant that morning. He went down the hill into the town a little way and didn't come back. The boys who did come back told the lieutenant about it. The lieutenant, who looked like a very dirty version of Pvt. Breger, said quietly: "After months of this stuff without a scratch he has to get himself killed by a sniper." Then he added: "Those sons of bitches!"

After the outfit heard about its platoon sergeant, it went back to its outposts, OPs and machine guns and waited. Nothing happened. Down below Aachen lay in the sunlight, motionless except for smoke that drifted up from old fires or boiled up from new ones. There were Germans in Aachen, but the city lay there quietly letting itself be mauled. The Infantry sat back on its haunches, watching the buildings burn and the artillery working on targets of opportunity. Those were the outfit's orders and there was a reason for them.

Aachen is a good-sized town with a lot of history behind it. From guidebooks and tourist folders you learn that Aachen is a city of churches and kings and that the old French name for it is Aix la Chapelle, which means only that it's called "Aix of the Chapel" to distinguish it from another Aix—"Aix of the Baths." The French emperor Charlemagne died in Aix la Chapelle and for the next seven hundred years the kings who followed Charlemagne were crowned in the cathedral that is the historic heart of the city. Until war came Aachen had a population of about 163,000 Germans. Its hot springs have been a Chamber of Commerce attraction since the days of the Romans, but the Infantry didn't know that and didn't care.

Instead of craning forward to get a better view of Aachen from the high ground, the Infantry jumped past open windows and ran, crouching, from building to building on the top of the hill overlooking the town. Because Aachen, the city of kings, was now a fiery nest of snipers and bazookamen, it was impossible to know from the hill just where the Germans were or how much they could see from their cellars and barricades in the saucer of the town below.

The Infantry was taking no chances of being knocked off. Aachen wasn't worth it. The first German city to lie in our path, Aachen wasn't important to anybody except the Germans. To them it was a symbol. To us it was nothing more than a place to be encircled, then mopped up.

The real fight wasn't in the city but in the country that lay beyond it, where the *Panzer* people and *SS* units tried desperately to form for counterattack. Aachen would fall in time—there was no hurry for the Infantry, no desperate need for dying.

So the Infantry took no chances. While the Artillery and the Air Forces pounded away, the Infantry moving in begrudged every man lost to the German garrison, which had not only refused the ultimatum but had ignored it. The Germans fought well, but the doughboys moved slowly and inexorably into the city and started mopping up. The Infantry hated the Germans because war in a city is quite another thing from war in the countryside. As a small-town boy mistrusts the city and suspects it of dishonesty and pitfalls, so the Infantry mistrusted Aachen.

WAR in the open is as clean as war can manage to be, but in the city it's a nasty thing of strange death in familiar places—of *Schmeisser* fire behind a gravestone or a mortar blast in front of a barber shop.

A soldier stood easily in a doorway. A sniper two blocks away put a bullet through his head. The boy fell and lay quietly for a while. Then he bled from his mouth, groaned and died. His

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blood covered the doorway. It was the door that led out the back way to the urinal.

The Infantry had to be watchful because there was nothing to prevent infiltration into our positions by night. The Germans knew their streets in the dark as well as we knew the way from the front door to the bedroom at 3 o'clock in the morning a few years ago.

There weren't always power-phone communications between men on the first floor of a house and men on the third. But there was communication of a sort. Pfc. Charles Mateer of Mount Joy, Pa., was part of a guard that worked out its own method. "When it's dark," he says, "the man on the top floor ties a string to his arm, and the other end is lowered out the window to the ground and tied to the man down there. If the man on top throws a grenade, the string jerks so the man below can duck away from the window. That way we don't telegraph any punches and none of us gets hurt."

The Infantry was cautious, but only because there was no reason to be spectacular. Its phaselines were street corners. It cleaned out blocks up to its phaselines, then waited for the next orders to move on. It used a heavy hand—tank destroyers—to discourage stubborn strongpoints.

Self-propelled artillery skip-shelled cellars. First they fired armor-piercing stuff so that it ricocheted off the sidewalk, then they fired high-explosive rounds through the holes the AP had made.

Automatic weapons of the street fighters threw a right-hand punch at the defenses of Aachen. Sometimes they did more than that.

A lieutenant who commanded a weapons platoon set his MGs on either side of the street and let go with a five-minute barrage of .30 calibers. Four Germans came out of hiding.

"I see these four guys come out," grins the lieutenant. "I say to myself, boy, here's where you get yourself a Luger. I wave at them to come up where I am and when they get a little closer I can see they all have pistols. I rub my hands. They're walking up the street toward me when all of a sudden they're mobbed by a bunch of doughboys who come scrambling out of doorways as my prisoners go by. All I get is a belt."

There were other people in Aachen besides men with Lugers. There were civilians. When they had had all they could stand they came out of their shelters and gave up. The Infantry was glad to see them—glad to have them out of the way—but they were a nuisance. Perhaps they were more of a nuisance because the Infantry had soft hearts.

"Damn it," said an infantryman, "these people come out and you want to get them out of the way so you can go on. Then some old lady 80 years old will remember that she left her kerchief behind. Of course she'll want to go back and get it. Or some little girl of 6 will have run off without her coat and her mother will want to go back to the house and get it. Damn, that's a nuisance when you're fighting a war."

CONSIDERING the size of the town, the Infantry hadn't got very far by the third day. But it didn't matter. Aachen could die slowly as well as any other way, and then not so many of our own people would die. As a city, Aachen was doomed. To the OPs on the hills it didn't seem chewed up except when you looked through a pair of binoculars, but when you walked down the streets you had to pick your way through debris and you learned the full power of shellfire and bombblast. Aachen was not yet utterly destroyed as our ultimatum had promised, but the job was well under way.

There's a certain shock in seeing any town that has felt war. You were shocked that way when you entered Aachen, and you were shocked again to see a gasoline station with pre-war pumps marked "Esso" and the familiar Coca-Cola bottle sign. It seemed more normal to join the Infantry in the graveyard, because that at least you remembered from "All Quiet on the Western Front"—the scene where German infantrymen died under shellfire in a French cemetery. In Aachen an American company commander died in a German cemetery as old graves were unearthed around him by mortars and artillery of both sides.

The war had moved on a few feet. To follow it you walked through the cemetery until you reached a wall. The top of the wall had been partly blown away so you crawled over it, dropped down on the other side, moved over to an outhouse, then dashed across an open space to the doorway of a building. Here the Infantry was laying siege to a huge concrete air-raid shelter or pillbox, perhaps, since Aachen is itself part of the Siegfried Line.

A bearded sergeant on the second floor plugged away at its two entrances with rifle grenades. As he fired, the sound of the launching was much louder inside the building than the sound of the grenade exploding a few hundred feet away.

After the grenades stopped, the Infantry lost interest for a moment. Then a man ran up the stairs and asked eagerly: "Did you see that guy go in over there?" Nobody had. The man balanced himself on the railing back of the window and watched the entrances of the shelter. He sat poised and anxious, rifle held lightly in both hands. He was grinning with a queer intensity. "I'll plug that joker if he comes out," he said.

Two blocks away, another Infantry group stood near the end of a cleaned-out block. Halfway up the street was a pile of debris. The Infantry, which had reached its phaseline the night before, was waiting for the jump-off time of another attack. Through the debris of the street corner which had been their previous phaseline, three men wheeled unsteadily on bicycles they had discovered in the hallways of houses on their street. In a few minutes they would leave the bikes and attack toward another phaseline, another corner two streets away. The Infantry was taking Aachen in its own good time.

House-to-House Fighting

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN [By Cable]—The battle of Aachen was the city cousin of the battle in Normandy's hedgerows. It was also a foretaste of battles to come.

After Aachen you knew that every city the Germans chose to defend would have to be won house by house and room by room, just as every hedgerow in rural France was a separate mission. In fact, if you were at St. Lo and then saw the crush through Aachen, you felt like saying: "This is where I came in."

On the fourth day in Aachen the main line of resistance was a row of smashed jewelry stores, dress shops and hairdressing establishments along a street called Jakobstrasse. An American squad with rifles at casual port moved up both sides of the tree-lined boulevard, which reminded you of almost any fashionable street in New York or London. The modern houses made excellent fortresses.

As the squad hit the intersection, our covering machine guns opened fire on the near and far corners of the particular block of apartment houses that was the immediate objective. The men ducked into the lobby of the first apartment house, and German rifle fire spattered from the windows of another apartment down the street. An American lieutenant was watching from a hotel window. He reached for a field phone.

Ten minutes later a lumbering vehicle, covered by our mortar fire from the rooftops, came down the fashionable Hindenburgstrasse toward Jakobstrasse. The vehicle was an M4-tank chassis mounting an old French 155-mm gun from the last war. The 155 GPF, as it is called, rolled to the intersection, took cover behind a pile of rubble which an undamaged sign indicated had formerly been the H. Richtenburg furniture store and drew a bead on the apartment house the Germans were firing from.

What the tankdozer was in Normandy, the 155 GPF proved to be in Aachen. This is the same type of gun that stopped the Germans for four years at Verdun in the last war. We admired it so much in 1918 that we bought dozens of 155s from the French after the Armistice. Then we let them lie around Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland for 22 years without even bothering to wipe off the rust. In 1940 we were about to convert the old 155s into scrap when Maj. Gen. Clarence H. Huebner, now commander of the 1st Division, decided to experiment with them on M4-tank chassis. With mobility and modern ammunition they have turned out to be one of the most fearsome self-propelled siege guns we have.

Now, at the corner of Hindenburgstrasse and Jakobstrasse, the GPF let go. The first 100-pound projectile tore a huge hole between the fifth and sixth floors of the apartment house. A desk and chairs and a rain of paper spilled into the street. That first slug was an armor-piercer. The next one, an HE, smashed through a window and exploded inside. The top three floors lurched and started collapsing on the bottom three. The Infantry squad in the first apartment house waited patiently for debris to stop falling, then moved forward methodically to the ground floor and basement of the shelled house for the mopping up, room to room.

In the same way that they had set up machine-gun and mortar strongpoints at the corners of fields or behind hedgerows in Normandy, the Germans in Aachen would pick out two or three houses in a block that gave them a good field of fire. They had to be rooted out by encirclement tactics of small units of riflemen. Generally the Aachen Nazis didn't bother to fire at visible targets. They would zero their mortars in on the main thoroughfares they knew we had to use.

A pfc from New York City, who was later wounded, worked out one way of taking care of such mortar positions. He hung around rooftops until he spotted where a mortar was firing from. Then he would lob a few rifle grenades onto the roof above the German mortarmen. Usually the roof had already been so weakened by shells and bombs that it would crash down on the Germans holding the top floor.

We cooked up other techniques, too, for this house-to-house fighting. When the Jerries controlled buildings at the far end of a street, it was murder for Infantry squads to step outside after mopping up a house. So our guys invented what they called the "mouseholing" method. They would take a 1½-pound dynamite charge and blast their way through the connecting walls of the houses all the way down the block without going outside. Pvt. Irving Weiss of Philadelphia, Pa., described "mouseholing" as "a good way to keep from getting wet on rainy days."

We wouldn't advance from one block to the next until every German soldier and civilian had been cleaned out of every room and cellar. We couldn't afford to leave a single German of any classification behind our lines.

Our artillery can't be undervalued, but the basic infantryman was the key guy in Aachen. Once the doughfoot got inside a building with trapped Germans, the hand grenade became the principal weapon.

Often the opposing forces were only a wall apart. A company-aid man, Pfc. Arthur Wertheimer of New York City, went into an apartment house during a brief truce to pick up a casualty, and he found GIs and Germans calling one another names through a wall.

ABOUT the only thing that makes house-to-house warfare more bearable than hedgerow fighting is that living conditions are better, when you have time to notice them. In Aachen many men were out of the mud for the first time since they left England months before. Some of them actually slept in real beds. There were plenty of beds around. Between trips to pick up casualties, the aid men of one company were enjoying the luxury of the swank Palace Hotel. Each man had a private room with bath, even though the bath didn't work. According to S/Sgt. Howard Ochols of Montgomery, Ala., it was "just like the Jeff Davis back home."

If you picked your spot, you could cook up some German canned food on a German stove, listen to German phonograph records and sleep on clean German linen. You were taking your chances with booby traps, though, because the Nazis knew all about the American love of homelike comforts.

One reason Aachen was so tough to crack may have been that among the German defenders were remnants of the celebrated Sixth Army that almost conquered Stalingrad. At the time of Stalingrad, the Sixth was made up of fanatical young members of the Hitler *Jugend*.

After Aachen I saw one of these young Sixth Army men in the division prisoner-of-war cage. He was bald, ashen-faced and thin, and looked at least 50. All the fingers were gone from his left hand. He got into an argument with a middle-aged German deserter in civilian clothes about who had started the war. The deserter slugged the trembling young man and knocked him into a corner. The veteran of Stalingrad and Aachen turned on his side and wept.

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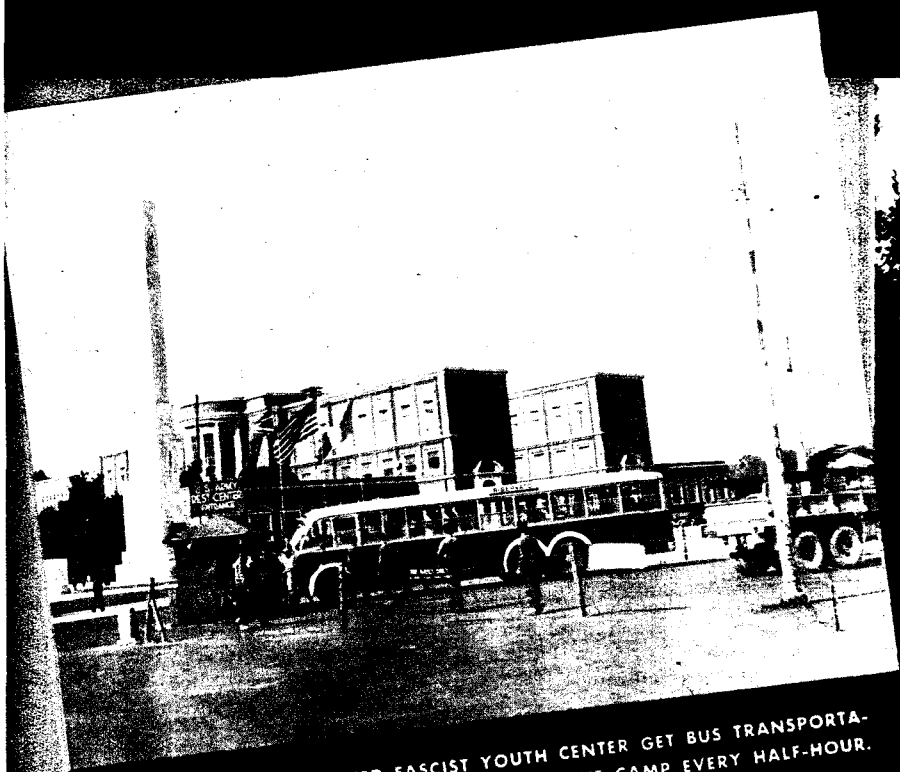
PFC. FRANK D. KOZAK OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., AND PVT. FRED CHALFOUT OF DANVI
ILL., BOTH PARATROOPERS, STOP FOR A MOMENT ON A TOUR THROUGH THE VATICAN CI

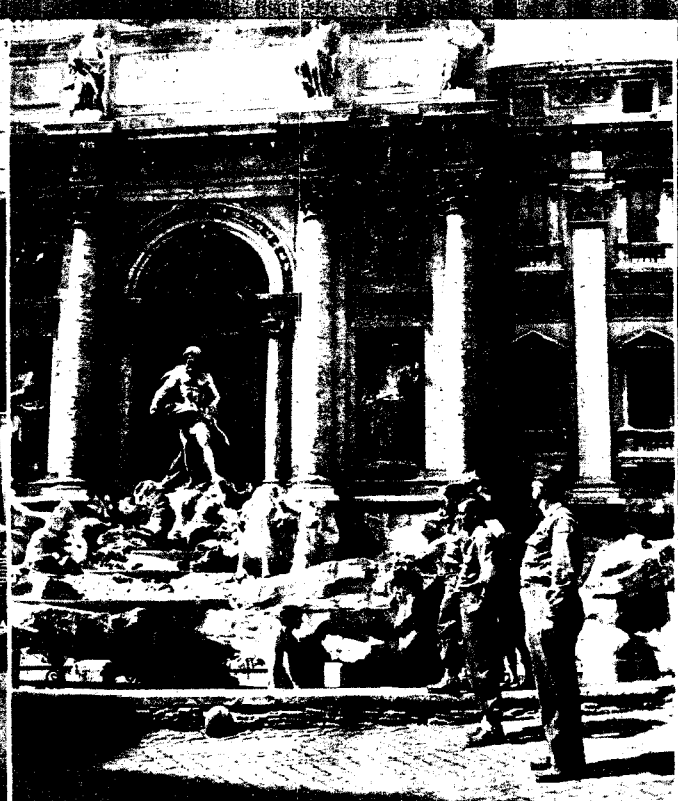


YANKS AT THE RENOVATED FASCIST YOUTH CENTER GET BUS TRANSPORTATION TO DOWNTOWN ROME. BUSSES LEAVE THE CAMP EVERY HALF-HOUR.

GIs ARE THICKEST AT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUB IN THE FAMOUS BORGHESE GARDENS. HERE DOGGIES CAN DOWN SNACK-BAR SPECIALS.

SEEING ROME

ENGLISH POETS KEATS AND SHELLEY LIVED HERE. CHURCH IN BACKGROUND IS TRINITA DEI MONTI.



ON AN OBSCURE STREET IS BERNINI'S FOUNTAIN OF TREVI, CONSIDERED BY SOME THE FINEST FOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD.

THE PANTHEON, BUILT BY AGRIPPA IN 27 BC, IS CITY'S BE
PRESERVED MONUMENT OF THE EARLY CLASSICAL PERIO

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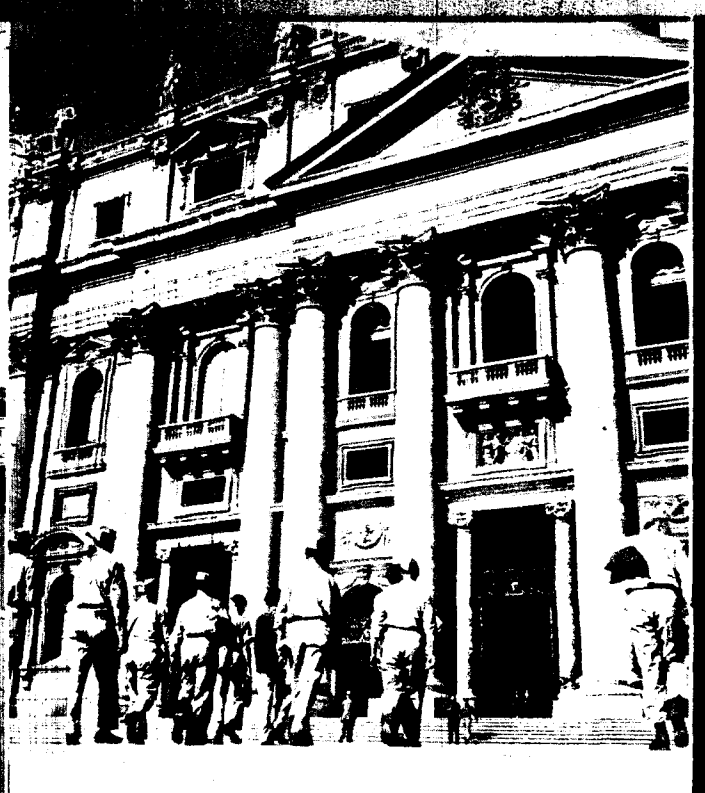
[illegible] N. BROWN OF WASHINGTON, D. C., EXAMINES A 15TH CENTURY BOMBARD ON DISPLAY AT THE HISTORIC CASTEL SANT'ANGELO.

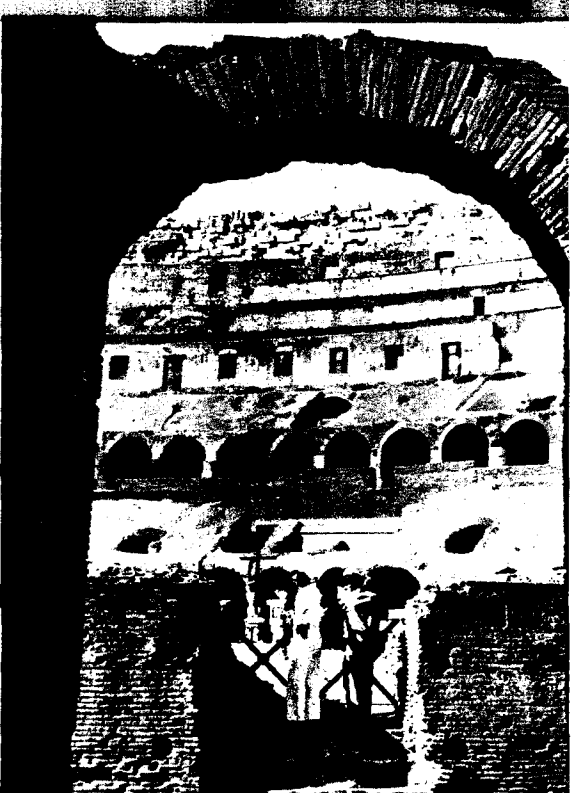
INSIDE THE VATICAN TROOPS OF MANY ALLIED NATIONS ARE RECEIVED BY POPE PIUS XII. FROM THRONE IN REAR THE PONTIFF BLESSES THEM.

ON DISPLAY TO GI VISITORS AT THE VATICAN GALLERIES ARE NOTED PAINTINGS BY MICHELANGELO, RAPHAEL AND OTHER ITALIAN MASTERS.

TRAFFIC ON THE CORSO UMBERTO INCLUDES SAILORS AND WACS. IN THE REAR IS THE VICTOR EMANUEL MONUMENT.



ST. PETER'S, WORLD'S LARGEST CHURCH, IS STARTING POINT FOR VATICAN TOUR. CHURCH HAS ELABORATE INTERIOR.



THE COLOSSEUM WAS BEGUN IN 72 AD BY THE EMPEROR VESPASIAN. IT WAS NEVER FINISHED.

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MAIL CALL

Illegal Punishment

Dear YANK:

Fort Benning has now been made officially salute happy. A general order effective Sept. 1, 1944, reads in part as follows:

5. An appropriate punishment for failure to salute, failure to return a salute, failure to be in proper uniform or failure to report offenders observed will be as follows:
For Officers: Forfeiture of $25.00.
For Enlisted Men: Forfeiture of $10.00.

To put teeth in the order, a super-alert squad of salute hounds has been unleashed to track down the violators, not only on the post but also in Columbus, Ga. Under this potent threat, we enlisted men are rapidly becoming cross-eyed and stiff-necked, not to mention disgusted.

We believe in saluting but we don't believe in an arbitrary ruling that does not make allowances for circumstances and human weaknesses. Many occasions arise where the whole business becomes ridiculous, especially in town. For instance, a noncom is supposed to report an officer for observed violations. But can you believe there is a noncom foolhardy enough to try it?

We think the officers themselves are very often at fault when they are not saluted. Most of them try to walk past pretending they don't see you and sometimes they do such a good job of it that you conclude they don't want to see you, so you don't salute. That is, it used to be that way. Not now, however; we'll salute all right, every time—out of respect for our pocketbooks.

What we are wondering, though, is does any Army commander have the authority to impose upon his troops rules and regulations of such character?

Fort Benning, Ga. —(Names Withheld)

Dear YANK:

This camp (Fort Benning, Ga.) has a rule that if anyone, officer or enlisted man, fails to salute or is out of proper uniform (no tie or hat) he is subject to a fine.

Can they collect this without a court martial? Or is there some way of getting out of this fine?

Some of my buddies had $10 taken out of their pay for such fines. The deductions were made on the pay roll and that is the only thing they signed. They had to sign it or not get paid. No one seems to know where the money goes.

Fort Benning, Ga. —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

Several enlisted men here have been fined for disciplinary purposes and I, as well as many others, are puzzled as to what happens to the "cash fines."

Camp Shelby, Miss. —(Names Withheld)

■ The War Department has called YANK's attention to *Article of War 104 (Disciplinary Powers of Commanding Officers)* which provides that "the commanding officer of any detachment, company or higher command may, for minor offenses, impose disciplinary punishments without the intervention of court-martial," including "admonition, reprimand, withholding of privileges for not exceeding one week, extra fatigue for not exceeding one week," etc., but *not* including "forfeiture of pay or confinement under guard; except that in time of war . . . a commanding officer of the grade of brigadier general or higher may . . . impose upon an officer of his command below the grade of major a forfeiture of not more than one-half of such officer's monthly pay for one month."

The *Digest of Opinions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army 1912-1940*, discussing forfeitures of pay [page 369], states: "A. W. 104 prescribes the disciplinary punishments which commanding officers of detachments, companies, or higher commands may impose, without the intervention of a court-martial, but states that they 'shall not include forfeiture of pay.' Enforced contributions to company funds, by deduction from the pay of enlisted men, as company punishments for offenses, even in their mildest aspect, are forfeitures and forbidden by this article."

Air Corps Gravy

Dear YANK:

In answer to Pvt. Hooper's letter entitled "Air Corps Gravy," we who are supposedly riding this gravy train have a few words to say in defense of the boys who fly them and keep them flying. . . .

The majority of the Air Corps men were technicians in civilian life, and we enlisted to do a job that the Army wanted done. Whether we sleep in hotels or tents, on cots or in a slit trench, we are doing a job which has to be done. Even if our work doesn't satisfy these former combat infantrymen, it does satisfy Allied headquarters. We will agree that we are not used to sleeping in slit trenches, but there's a good reason for that. We're usually set up in a semi-permanent station and build some of the comforts of home. Would these rugged outdoor men sleep in their slit trenches if it were not necessary?

The men who go home after 6 to 10 months are air crewmen, the men who fly over enemy territory doing the job which the medics claim shatters their nerves after 50 missions and renders them temporarily unfit for further combat flying. The ground crewmen of the Air Corps must sweat out at least two years before they get to go home on rotation.

We of the Air Corps have always had a great respect for the job done by the combat Infantry. However until Pvt. Hooper realizes that the Air Corps did not personally put him on the front lines, he will not be able to get over his unfounded animosity.

North Africa —Pfc. ROBERT SILVERMAN*

*Also signed by Cpls. Carmen B. Patella and Samuel Levin, and Pvts. Clair J. Repper, Paul C. Rousseau and Donald Cliett.

Oversea Patches

Dear YANK:

I suggest that you campaign for the right of oversea returnees to wear their divisional insignia on their right sleeves. I notice the reluctance of most of the men transferred into my outfit to take their old insignia off.

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. —Lt. LEO EAGLE

Surplus Property

Dear YANK:

W/O Harold D. Troy is 100 percent right when he says that excess or obsolete equipment should be sold to soldiers first. Six months after the war ends, if due notice has been given to all soldiers and sailors of the equipment to be sold, then, and only then, should this equipment be made available to civilians. Anything short of this, in my estimation, is taking unfair advantage of all American soldiers in their absence.

Caribbean —Pfc. C. NELSON

Dear YANK:

. . . Why not give the serviceman first choice on surplus goods before some money makers get their hands in the pie? It's all too well known how these things are bought at a killing and sold at a good price. Why not run a service and supply store at each separation center? This would give the future civilian a chance to get anything from an airplane to a pair of shoes at a fair price. . . .

Bainbridge, Ga. —A/C GARDNER T. UMBARGER JR.

Dear YANK:

. . . I have often heard it said that this war is not being fought to make any one man rich, but when a fellow with $100,000 can go in and buy up this surplus property, where does the joe that wants to start in business come in? The majority of us have saved a few dollars during the war boom, but not enough to compete with the $100,000 man who buys these items and will sell them for much more than he paid for them.

In my case, I hope to be able to go into the photography business, and being able to purchase some of the equipment that the Government has on hand would be a great help to me. . . .

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —Pfc. JOHN G. BOEHM

Formal Dress

Dear YANK:

Last night a bunch of us fellows had to work late out on the line, and we heard that there was going to be a GI show. We didn't have time to change our clothing, so we went with our fatigues on. After we had sweated out a long line, some chicken corporal made an announcement that no one in fatigues could be admitted to the show, so that let us out. Now, do you think that is helping to keep our morale up in this theater? I don't think so. Are we supposed to conquer the Japs in Class A uniforms?

India —Pfc. CHARLES MARTINI

Battle-Weary GIs

Dear YANK:

The people of Honolulu lately have been hollering for many changes. First of all, they want their fair territory admitted as the 49th state and, secondly, they want the right of Presidential franchise.

This would be fair and well if they were entitled to the privileges they demand, but recent incidents have proved that the people of Honolulu have an awful lot to learn before their requests can be granted.

In every Island newspaper we read stories concerning intoxicated servicemen. Also propagandized is the fact that servicemen frequent houses of prostitution. On top of this, irate citizens have been demanding that the Army and Navy cooperate in policing drinking establishments patronized by GIs.

To a Honolulu citizen the sight of a drunken, happy soldier forgetting the blood and guts of battle is a shameful spectacle. It is not too bad when a civilian gets drunk, because he is not disgracing his country or his uniform by doing so, and besides he is the proud possessor of many War Bonds which he has patriotically purchased. But soldiers should not get drunk, reason the aspiring people of Honolulu, and more MPs and SPs should be handy to make the life of the average GI more miserable than it already is.

To condemn and rigidly discipline men who have just undergone an experience that steals their souls is a crime in itself. Persons who advocate such acts are certainly not entitled to be members of the 49th state.

Hawaii —Pvt. DANIEL GOLB

Flat Feet

Dear YANK:

I can't remember how many times I have read about so-and-so being rejected for flat feet.

I've about 3½ years' service and I wouldn't trade them for anything. But I really believe I can show anyone a pair of the flattest feet they have witnessed for a long time. Yet, with those same flat feet, I've done duty in Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, North Africa and India and now here in Burma. If I can do duty in all those places with my flat feet, I see no reason why the Army can't find use for Johnny Jones, Joe Doaks or John Doe with their flat feet. Surely among the thousands of Army jobs there is a place for a flat-footed person, something which would release some soldier in Shangri-La for active duty in a combat zone, so that we can all get home a little sooner with their help.

Burma —Sgt. BILL LAMBERT

Shavetails' Troubles

Dear YANK:

. . . Some GIs apparently fail to realize that officers have gripes, too. You wouldn't know, but try putting a nice shiny gold bar on your shoulders and walking into the Stagedoor Canteen. Certainly officers are welcome, but you should see the place freeze up. We come there to enjoy ourselves, not to be frozen out.

Although an OCS shavetail is technically a commissioned officer, too many Point men and reserve officers think of him as neither fish nor fowl.

Who punches *my* TS slip?

Coven Point Terminal, N. J. —Lt. WILLIS E. P. McNELLY

Predictions

Dear YANK:

We over here in North Africa, and I daresay most of the troops on overseas duty, are getting sick and tired of reading in the papers and hearing over the radio how long it will be before the war with Germany will be over. . . . We are having a hard enough time sweating out our overseas duty without all these conflicting reports coming through. From one day to the next we don't know how we stand or what to think. It would be a lot better if they would keep their opinions to themselves, or at least not give them out for newspaper publication. . . .

North Africa —T/Sgt. STANLEY M. JONAS*

*Also signed by 1st Sgt. P. A. Martin, Sgt. Harold Boiko, S/Sgt. D. P. Veri and Sgt. F. E. Sterritt.

Army Barbers

Dear YANK:

Why can't the Army do something about some of these half-cracked maniacs that call themselves barbers? I can't see how some of them earned their bread outside the Army. I am speaking mostly of those so-called old-time barbers at Chanute Field, Ill. As barbers they would make damn good plow horses.

Boca Raton Field, Fla. —Pvt. JOHN D. MILLER

"Guadalcanal Goes Garrison"

Dear YANK:

We boys belong to a truck company, in which we have a bitch coming about your article "Guadalcanal Goes Garrison." We quote Sgt. McGurn: "Some truck and duck drivers put in 12 hours on many days, but there is almost always time to kill."

We run two 12-hour shifts and often work from 10 to 30 days straight, during which time we may have one three-hour break. Then the transportation authorities think we are wasting time when we spend 15 minutes eating chow and do everything possible to shorten it. On our day off we do our laundry. Our trucks must be kept clean, which is next to an impossibility. We take swimming lessons and there is a possibility of COD.

If you can see "time to kill" in this, we would like to know where you got your information and how many hours there are in one day.

Guadalcanal —Cpl. JOHN BOWMAN*

*Also signed by 74 others

Education at Home

Dear YANK:

T-5 Paul Roth stated in *Mail Call* that the only way to solve the problem of Germany is to place the German prisoners in a school here in the U. S. and educate them. Before we start to teach the Germans not to be prejudiced against any race, creed or nationality and try to make them understand that they are not superior to others, why not educate some Americans in the very same idea?

Fairfield, Calif. —Pvt. J. BELLAMY

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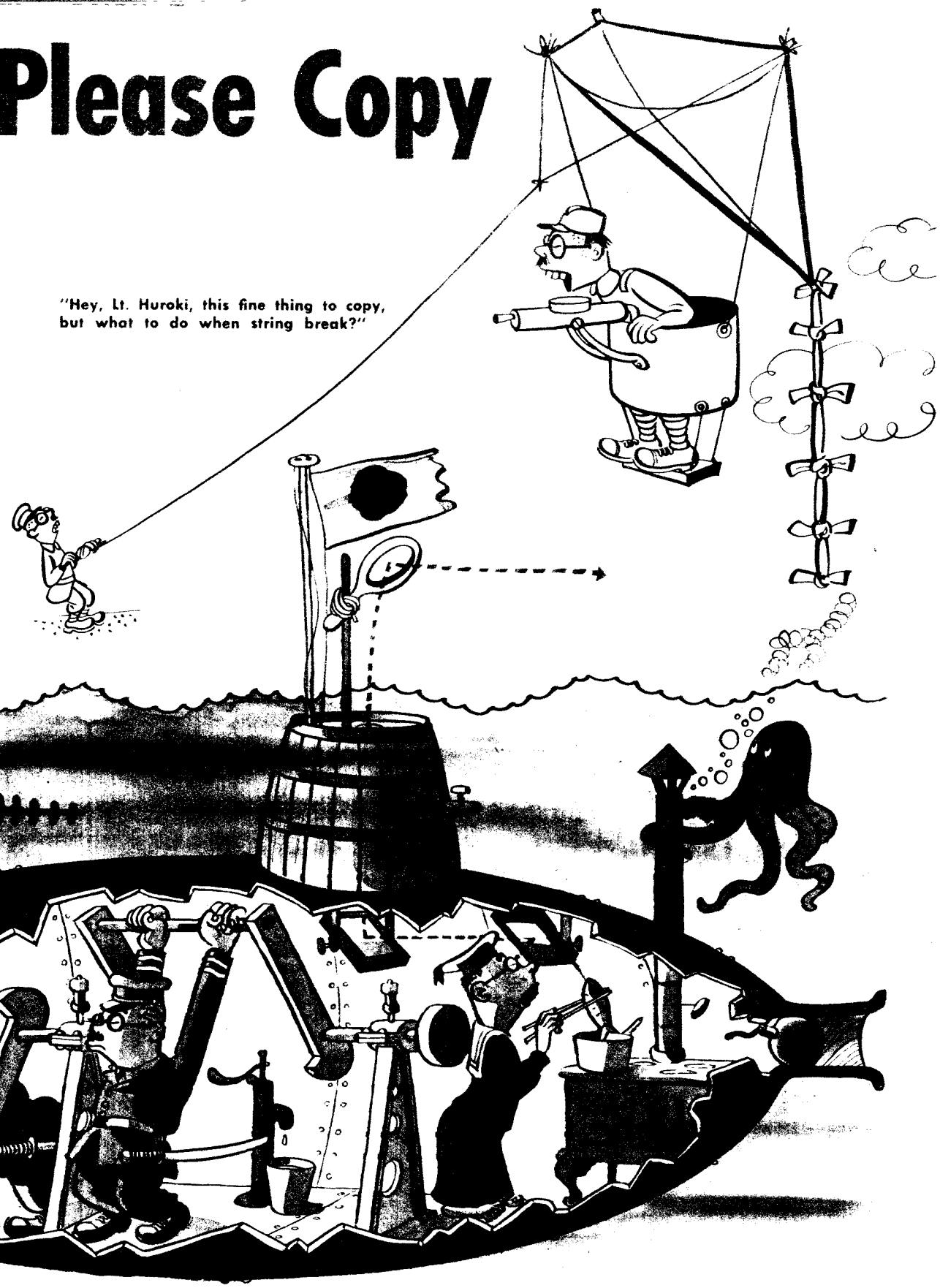
Japanese Please Copy

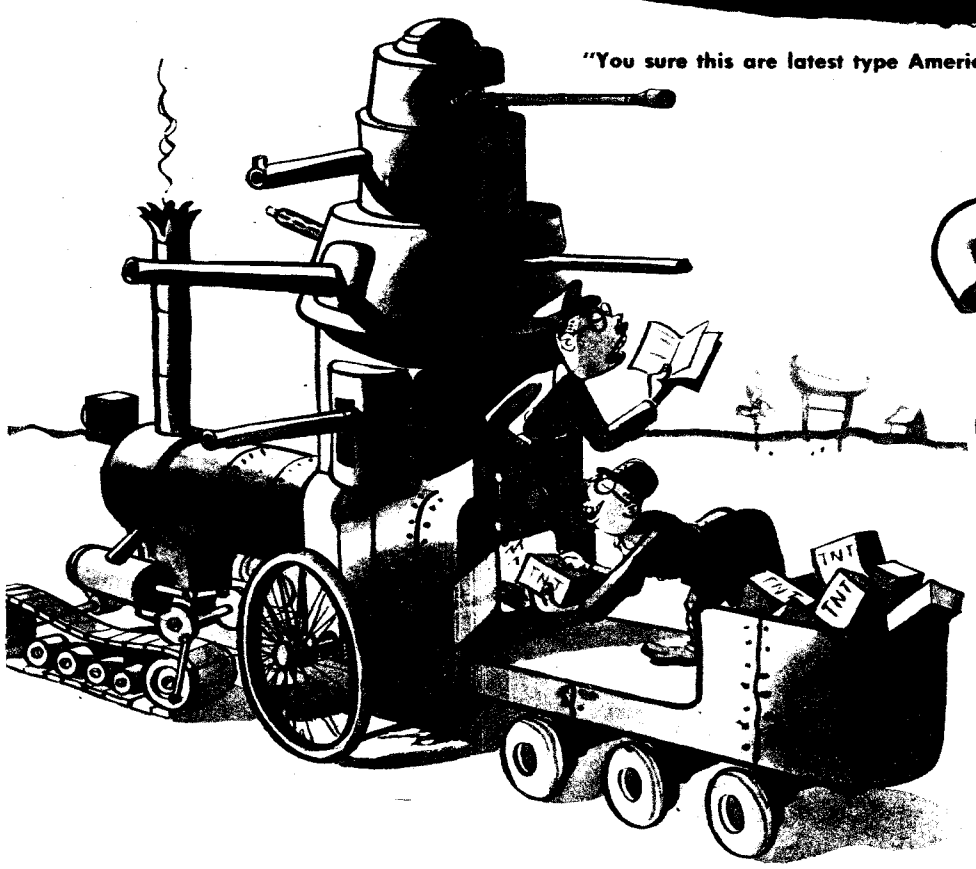
By Sgt. Ralph Stein

THE Japanese are a wonderful little people, as we used to say at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, and they are nowhere more wonderful than in their ability to imitate other people. Before the war they used to imitate almost everything manufactured in the United States, often even down to the trade mark: "Made in U. S. A." This wholehearted tribute won them the undying affection of American manufacturers. Now they imitate our weapons and it is up to us, as a friendly gesture, to help them out. On this page, Sgt. Ralph Stein has outlined a few handy inventions we might leave within reaching distance. With the aid of these they can spend their time happily building imitations until the last Yank mails his letters home from the new APO in Tokyo.

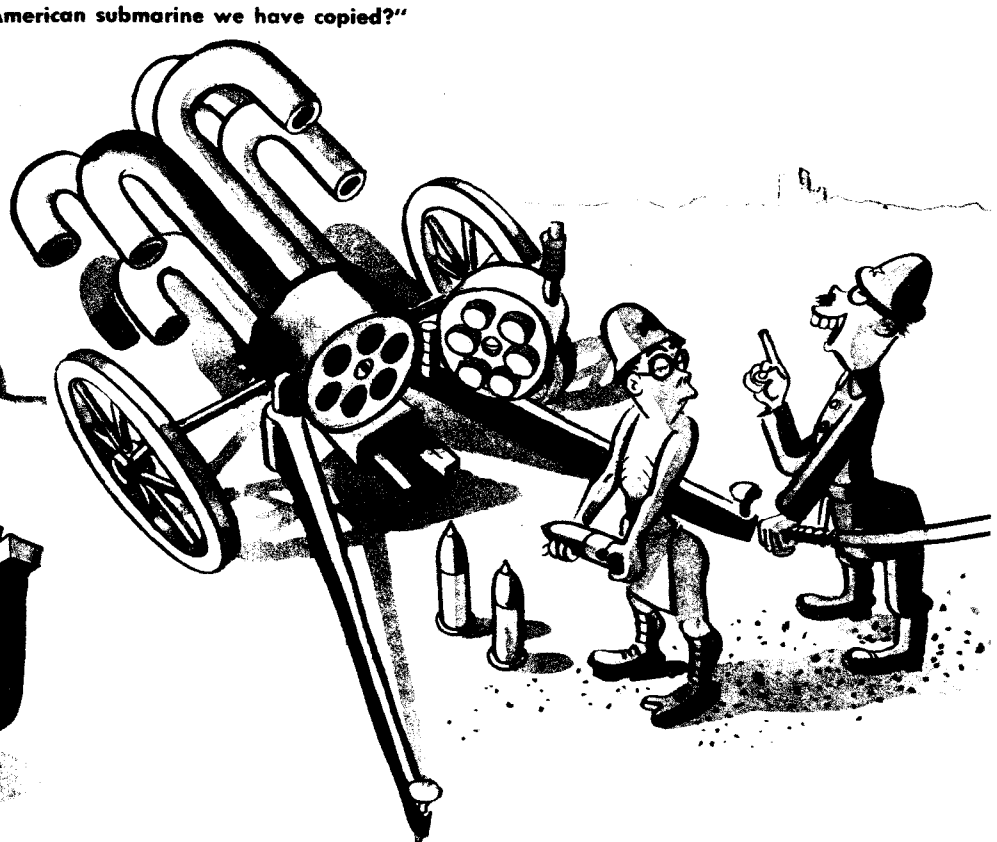


"Hey, Lt. Huroki, this fine thing to copy, but what to do when string break?"

"You sure this are latest type American submarine we have copied?"



"Instruction book advise fire to make go are to be fed with special fuel in tender."



"This are evidently new model American gun for when enemy are in rear."

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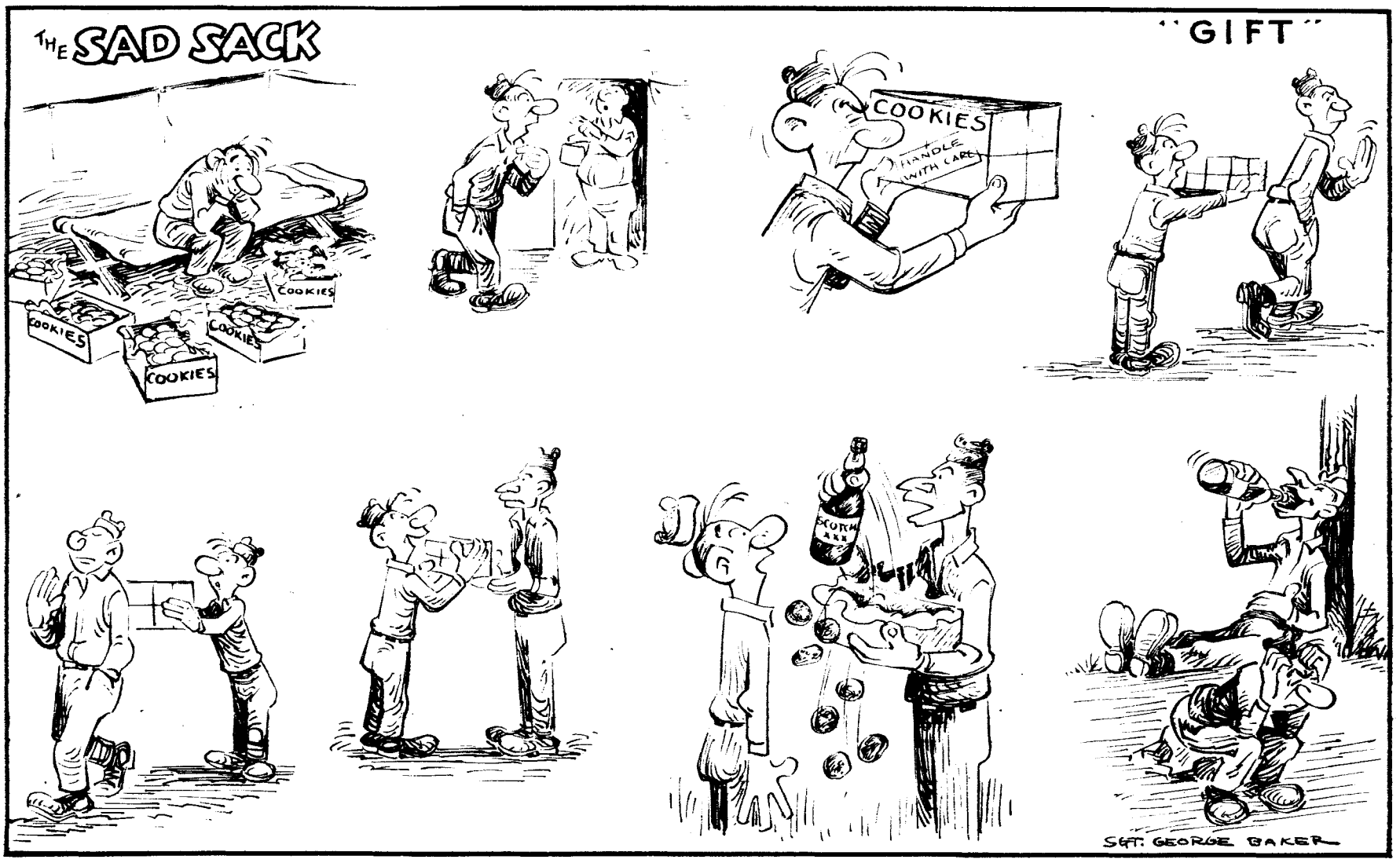
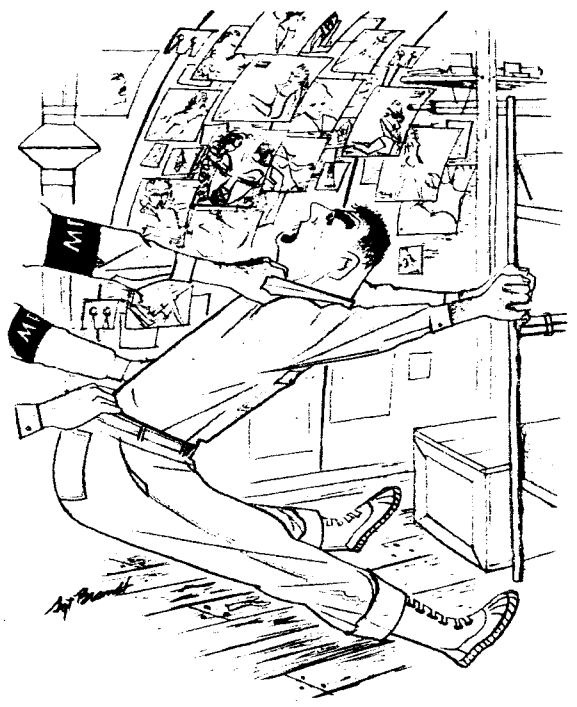


THUMBTACKS ARE WINNING THE WAR

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN



THE ALEUTIANS — Every now and then we get news from the States that makes life a little brighter up here.

"Maps," we read last night, "have replaced pin-up girls at the Armored School barracks at Fort Knox, Ky." The item said the commanding general had "declared war" on pin-ups and recommended that the wall space be filled with military maps.

That does it. If we only had flush toilets and beer and women up here, these islands might be better soldiering than the States. Let me show you what I mean:

ACT I

[The scene is a hut in the Aleutians, late at night. The curved walls and ceiling are covered with pin-ups. A first sergeant enters.]

FIRST SERGEANT: Congratulations, Pvt. Watson, you're going back to the States!

WATSON *[rising from his bunk]*: Why? Is the war over?

FIRST SERGEANT: Hurry and get packed! Oh, I'm so happy for you! In recognition of your 28 months of service up here, we're going to make you a pfc! Temporary, of course.

WATSON: Gosh, everything happens at once! I'll get packed! *[He starts to take down his pin-up pictures.]*

FIRST SERGEANT: Why are you doing that? You can't take those back to the States with you; they're not allowed. You'll have maps instead.

WATSON: What? Really? Well—then I'll stay here. I can't leave these pin-ups, not after 28 months.

FIRST SERGEANT: Come now, Watson, I'll buy that collection from you. Let's see, you've got 15 or 20 bathing-suit Grables, and two or three dozen V-neck Darnells. A rather routine collection. However, that's a very nice set of Lena Horne. I'll give you $75 for the collection.

WATSON *[shocked]*: No! I wouldn't dream of selling them! I tell you I'm staying here.

FIRST SERGEANT: Watson, your orders are already cut. *[He whistles and two MPs enter and grab Watson.]*

WATSON: No, please! My pin-ups! You can't do this to me! *[He clings to his bunk but they drag him out.]*

ACT II

[A casual area in the States. A group of former Aleutian soldiers. Pfc. Watson among them, enters with barracks bags.]

CASUAL PUSHER: Okay, you guys; drop them bags, see?

WATSON: Look! Gee, they have *walking* pin-ups here! *[He points at two pretty blond Civil Service workers, on their way to their morning cokes.]*

CASUAL PUSHER: Them are girls. We got lots of 'em here. You guys might as well get used to 'em.

WATSON: I like the pictures better. *[He takes off his helmet liner and glances slyly inside it.]*

CASUAL PUSHER: Okay, you guys. I don't care wot ratin' you hold; rank don't mean nothin' around here, see? At least *your* rank don't. First thing, we're gonna have a showdown inspection to see if any of you guys got any pin-ups. Hey—you!

WATSON: Me? Yessir.

CASUAL PUSHER: Why you tryin' to sneak away from this formation? I'm gonna check your stuff personally, see? Gimme that helmet liner. Ha, just like I figured! *[He takes the pin-up picture from the helmet and puts it in his pocket, while two MPs drag Watson away.]*

ACT III

[A barracks in the States. Pfc. Watson and other soldiers are getting ready for inspection.]

SOLDIER: Hey, look! Watson's got a *picture* on his wall!

ALL *[gasping]*: Watson! Take it down!

WATSON *[nonchalantly]*: Aw, leave it there. It isn't hurting anything.

BARRACKS CHIEF: See here, Watson; you know the rules! Pin-ups aren't allowed, especially naked ones like that. You can only have a small picture of your wife or sweetheart. You're supposed to have maps on your wall, like we've got.

WATSON *[stubbornly]*: Well, I *had* a map on my wall, but the CO made me take it down.

BARRACKS CHIEF: Naturally. It was a map of a country nobody ever heard of, and it was shaped just like Lana Turner. Now get that awful picture down, before the CO comes through.

[Somebody shouts "Tench-hut" and the colonel enters.]

COLONEL: At ease, men. Jones, straighten up that map of the East Burma sector. Fielding, there's a speck of dust on your pin-up of New Caledonia, and those thumb tacks haven't been polished in days. Here, what's this? Well I never—. *[He turns purple.]* How dare you have that picture on your wall?

WATSON *[coolly]*: Sir, I understood we're allowed to have small photographs of legitimate wives or sweethearts. This, sir, is my wife. It's a swell deal all around—she gets the Government allotment and I get to pin her up.

COLONEL: What? You ought to be ashamed! I certainly would never hang a half-naked picture of *my* wife up for others to see!

WATSON: I don't blame you, sir—although of course I've only seen your wife at a distance.

COLONEL: Why — why you impudent — buck private! *[He snatches the pfc stripe from Watson's sleeve.]* As soon as orders can be cut I'm shipping you to—to the Aleutians!

WATSON: Thank you, sir! *[He has time to take down the picture of his wife before the MPs arrive and drag him out.]*

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SERVICEMEN AND CIVILIANS

You may have read about the recent incident in Kansas City when a group of some 40 servicemen, aroused by an unauthorized strike at a North American Aviation plant stormed the plant entrance, dispersed the three pickets who were outside and tore up their picket signs. At that time the strikers were being urged to return by a regional director of their union, the UAW-CIO, which had condemned the strike as a violation of the union's no-strike pledge.

You may also have read the story a few days later, when another group of servicemen in Kansas City seized the sign from a picket in front of a liquor store and tore off an American flag that had been attached to the sign.

Now, it is wishful thinking to imagine that soldiers overseas, or even in the States, are growing any closer to civilians. They aren't. That goes particularly for many men abroad who feel that no one really has it tough unless he is overseas—and they're right. But this attitude leaves them wide open to stories about how much money the workers back home are making, how many women they've got, how soft a life they have. It's the easiest thing in the world to put over these ideas, especially since a man overseas usually doesn't have access to all the facts.

That most of these stories are exaggerated and sometimes untrue is buried beneath the anger. Tell a soldier that the national average of strikes is at the lowest level in the history of the U. S.—6/100 of 1 percent of man-hours worked—and he probably won't be very interested. What the hell are man-hours, anyway?

But you can't disguise the fact that the AFL and CIO have outlawed strikes for the duration, that the few you read about are wildcat strikes. You can't ignore figures: in the first 109 days of the Normandy invasion we put ashore 17 million ship-tons of Allied vehicles and supplies, more than twice the total received by Gen. Pershing through friendly ports in the entire 19 months of our participation in the first World War. Who do you think made that stuff—pixies?

No one is condoning strikes in wartime. There shouldn't even be the few there are. But the kind of action that took place at Kansas City is loaded with trouble. It may be spontaneous. Or it may be instigated by unscrupulous people who would like to see a wild scramble between veterans and civilians for jobs after the war. It would seem, though, that this is not exactly the way to get that "national unity" everyone talks about. There is a lot of discussion about those two words, but what they mean is simply that we are all part of the same country.

"I can't grant your furlough, Kraus, but maybe we can retreat through your home town."

We are winning the war by working together, and we will have to work together after the war if we want jobs and prosperity.

It is going to be tough enough reconverting to full civilian production without starting a fight among the men who will do the producing. And if you begin by setting veteran against civilian, you will end by setting Protestant against Catholic, Catholic against Jew, white against Negro—and you will wind up having the very thing we are fighting the war to destroy.

Army Casualties

U. S. Army casualties, excluding those of the Air Forces, during the operations in France, the lowlands and the German-border regions from the first landings through Oct. 3 were as follows:

Killed	29,842
Wounded	130,227
Missing	14,711
Total	174,780

These include casualties of the Seventh Army, which landed in southern France.

All Army battle casualties from all theaters of operation as reported to the WD through Oct. 6 total:

Killed	75,562
Wounded	208,392
Missing	48,404
Captured and interned	52,537
Total	384,895

PWs in U.S.

On Oct. 1 there were 300,382 prisoners of war within the continental limits of the U. S. According to the Provost Marshal General's office, the prisoners were held at 131 base camps and about 300 branch camps in all sections of the country. The branch camps are designed to place prisoners near work projects. The prisoners include 248,205 Germans, 51,034 Italians and 1,143 Japanese.

Prisoners in NATOUSA

Italian war prisoners in the North African Theater of Operations are doing 75 percent of the stevedore work in Italy and North Africa and are cooking and serving the food that American soldiers and officers eat. Officer-prisoners have volunteered to act as clerical assistants in PW camps and the usual camp clerical staff has three or four Yank noncoms and 20 or more Italian officer-PWs who have volunteered for Italian Service Units. The Geneva Convention prohibits the participation of prisoners in actual combat, although many of the Italians have asked for combat duty.

Nearly all prisoners now being taken on the Italian front are German Army prisoners. The officers are professional soldiers but they are not the *Afrika Korps* type. They seem to be happy about being captured and laugh and joke among themselves. The enlisted ranks are filled with impressed troops, as they were on the Cherbourg peninsula, but they have a higher percentage of Germans than were found there.

Sea-Water Laundry

Using various chemicals at controlled temperatures, the Medical Department has developed a process by which laundry can be washed in sea water. In a practical test on board a hospital ship, the process saved 4,480 gallons of fresh water a day, cut the ship's linen requirements from 30,000 to 8,700 sheets (making room for four more bed patients or 10 more walking cases than the ship could ordinarily carry), eliminated the risk of contamination from huge stocks of soiled linen and relieved the overload of work usually done by port hospital laundries.

The new process will be installed soon on all hospital and troop ships and on island bases where fresh drinking water is scarce and there are heavy troop concentrations.

GI Shop Talk

More than 10,000 tons of military freight are carried daily by French railroads operated by the Military Railway Service of the Army Transportation Corps. . . . The Infantry School has graduated its 50,000th officer candidate. More than 100,000 officers and EM have taken the various courses offered by the school. . . . On Sept. 28, the AAF hit the enemy with its millionth ton of bombs in this war. The bombs fell on the Ammoniak Oil Refinery at Merseberg-Leuna, Germany. . . . In one recent month more than 46 million pounds of military cargo, including aviation gasoline, munitions, trucks, jeeps and other war materiel, were flown over the Hump from India to China. . . . About 2,500 members of the armed forces — nationals of 79 different countries — serving in the South and Southwest Pacific have been made citizens of the U. S. . . . The Air Transport Command is now flying about 4,000 combat casualties back to the States each month, or about 40 percent of all casualties returned from overseas. . . . Reports submitted to the chief surgeon in the Mediterranean Theater indicate that chest wounds, which always took a large toll of life and caused chronic invalidism in past wars, have been brought under control to a great degree.

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Camp News

DOG HOUSES, FEMALE

Fort Benning, Ga.—Dog tags are in the dog house with members of the 2d Platoon, WAC Detachment, Station Complement, Section 1. The "houses" are actually cute little pink-and-blue covers for the tinkling tags, crocheted by Cpl. Rose B. Hart. The girls say you have no idea how good it is to wear something that isn't OD.

Wartime Trend?

Camp Beale, La.—The *Bealiner* contends that there is little difference between the little week-end kits GIs are carrying these days and women's handbags so far as variety of contents is concerned. The paper offers this yarn as proof:

In the Marysville bus station last Sunday two GIs were returning from a week-end pass. One said, "Gimme a cigarette."

"Smoked my last one a minute ago," said his pal. And then: "Oh, wait a minute. I got another pack somewhere." He fished around inside the leather kit which was hanging from his wrist. A handkerchief dropped out, then his dog-tag chain, then a stick of gum. But finally he found the cigarettes.

Can somebody explain the difference between a slick little kit like that and a handbag? There ain't any, brother. The males who used to bark at their gal friends for toting so much stuff are now falling into the same habit. Those week-end shaving kits are just masculine versions of handbags—the frills and ornaments will come later.

Take our word for it: after the war we'll all be carrying them and think nothing of it.

THAT'S NO JERK, YA JOIK!

Camp Blanding, Fla.—While Cpl. Wilner Hill of the Station Complement was on a fishing trip, he suddenly called upon M/Sgt. Cecil Talbot to help him pull in "a big one that's been following me and keeps jerking the line."

After taking the line, Talbot handed it back in disgust. "That's no fish but the undercurrent," he said. "The jerk is on the wrong end of the line!"

GI Sleuth Gets His Man

Camp Ellis, Ill.—Cpl. Willie Baker, who is an MP, earned his two stripes because he noticed the stiff military gait of a stranger while he was on pass in Peoria and had a hunch. He followed the man from the Elite Club to the Bris Collins Club next door and tried to engage him in conversation. "Where you headed, Bud?" Baker asked. The stranger, who had a patch over his cheek, didn't want to talk, so Baker stepped outside and stopped two MP buddies on regular patrol. They watched the door while he called headquarters.

The stranger was identified as William Ziegler, an escaped prisoner. The camp commander ordered Baker's promotion the next morning.

Capt. Noel Lathan gives a squeeze to his sister, Wac Pvt. Edith, as they meet in Miami, Fla.

Sister Meets Brother, Thanks to Storm

Miami AAF, Fla.—A Wac private "popped to attention," gave the captain a snappy salute, smiled and then threw her arms around his neck and hugged and kissed him. But don't get excited—the captain was her brother returning from overseas duty.

However, it took a hurricane to reunite Capt. Noel Lathan and his sister, Pvt. Edith Lathan, both of Gastonia, N. C.

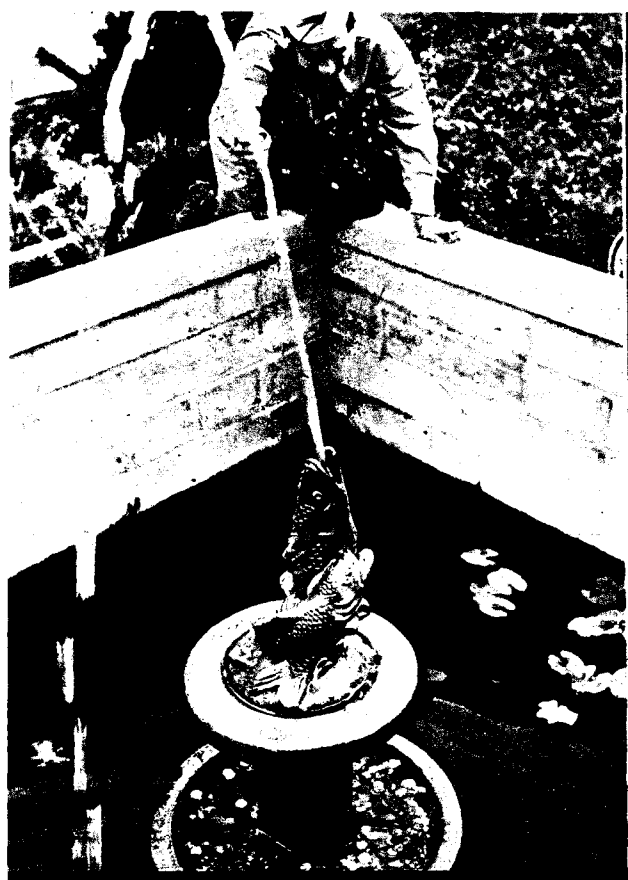
"It was just luck that I landed in Miami," Lathan said. "I was supposed to return to the States by a northern route, but the storm changed its course and my route. And here I am."

The 29-year-old ATC officer was returning from Italy and southern France where he had served as an aerial reconnaissance observer for his organization. Ten days after the Allied invasion of southern France, Capt. Lathan flew on reconnaissance flights over the enemy front lines in unarmed planes.

"My job," said Lathan, "was to observe the terrain in the vicinity of the Nazi lines, watching for areas suitable for future establishment of advanced ATC bases, so supplies could follow our men as soon as the enemy had evacuated."

"My brother," said Pvt. Lathan, "was responsible for me joining the WAC. He told me he had worked with them overseas and realized the fine job they were doing to help win the war. I made up my mind that as soon as I was 21 I was going to join, and I'm glad I did."

Pvt. Lathan was the fourth member of her family to enter the armed services. Besides her brother and herself, both in the ATC, another brother is on duty with the Navy in the South Pacific and a sister is an Army nurse.



PENNY POOL. At Camp Pickett, Va., GIs who are scheduled to ship overseas make peace with Neptune by pitching pennies into this lucky pond on the post.

TOP DOG. This first sergeant, highest-ranking non-commissioned dog at Buckley Field, Colo., has his grandstand seat in a tuba on days of dress parades.

BIG STUFF. Pvt. Horace (Tiny) Mitchell of Camp Blanding, Fla., weighs 273 pounds and stands 6 feet 5 inches. The Quartermaster took 13 weeks to fit him.

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The sarge is Frank [illegible] make up this trio. [illegible] a refueling unit at Biggs Field, Tex.

FEMME FIGARO. When Mrs. Helen Mitchell thinks of necks, it isn't sex. She works as a regular barber at the post barber shop at Camp Robinson, Ark.

M/Sgt. Fisher wears the Order of the Wooden Nickel.

Master Sergeant Crashes An Officers' Fraternity

Rapid City AAB, S. Dak.—M/Sgt. Morris Fisher of New York had the distinction of being the first enlisted man to receive the Wooden Nickel, an honor previously bestowed only upon departing base officers who had "distinguished themselves in the Battle of the Black Hills." When M/Sgt. Fisher left here recently for another assignment, he received the signal honor because he was, according to four different commandants, "the best sergeant major that ever memorized an AR."

At the presentation ceremony the following citation was read:

"A committee of obsolete sergeant majors, carefully selected by a board of friends and neighbors, after a thorough study of all rescinded Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard, WASP, WAC, NYA, CCC and Terrestrial, as well as Celestial and Infernal, directives has determined that Master Sergeant First Class Morris M. Fisher is eligible for membership in that exclusive, if not elite, officers' fraternity known to initiates of this world, the other world and the underworld as the ORDER OF THE WOODEN NICKEL. The decision is based upon the fact that this chubby noncom, during his reign as sergeant major of the Rapid City Army Air Base, conducted himself as though he were an officer. He repeatedly reprimanded junior officers for what he insisted was procedure not in accordance with existing directives; and to field officers he constantly quoted with great vocal expression AR 210-10, the GI Bill of Rights and the latest racing odds. For these and other unmentionable reasons, Master Sergeant First Class Morris M. Fisher is vested with the title Custodian of the Commandant's Scissors for the Cutting of Red Tape and elected to lifetime membership in the ORDER OF THE WOODEN NICKEL."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Forrest, Tenn.—After Sgt. Dean S. Moulton of Hartford, Conn., contracted a tropical skin disease in New Guinea in 1943, it was Lt. Agnes Wood, an Army nurse from Canandaigua, N. Y., who took care of him. A year later when a party of Army personnel that included Lt. Wood was stranded with a stalled motor en route to Huntsville, Ala., it was Sgt. Moulton who turned up with the wrecker to tow the car in.

Fort Sill, Okla.—After 14 months' service with the Ninth Air Force in Europe, S/Sgt Jesse O. Hartzell of Sulphur, Okla., returned home with a battered little toy cow. Sue Futch of Shreveport, La., now Mrs. Hartzell, sent the toy to Hartzell last Christmas because he liked milk. It arrived after he had made two missions, and he carried it on 67 others. "I've squeezed that cow and prayed many times," said Sgt. Hartzell, who has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Clusters and other decorations.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Two German PWs were missing from this camp. A farmer stopped to chat with two men clad in fatigues and became suspicious when they wouldn't talk. He hustled to nearby Carrabelle and reported his fears to the MPs, then hurried back. When Sgt. James Truex of Providence, R. I., and his squad arrived on the scene he found two scared PWs cornered in a chicken house with the farmer guarding them with a double-barreled shotgun and several dogs.

Salina AAF, Kans.—Cpl. Frank Gerrard of this base's Aviation Detachment is being boomed for the title of "soundest sleeper" by his buddies. Finding Cpl. Gerrard asleep one afternoon, his friends improvised a tombstone by his bed, bedecked him with flowers and placed a bunch of zinnias in his hands. He didn't awaken until long after the boys had finished with him.

Stockton Field, Calif.—After serving 25 years in the regular Army, 23 of them in the Infantry, M/Sgt. "Uncle Joe" Galli was very much disturbed to learn that, according to his service record, he has never completed basic training.

Harlingen AAF, Tex.—Army life hasn't dulled the riding ability of Pvt. Johnny Fasthorse, an 18-year-old full-blooded Sioux Indian from Brockton, Mont., who is an aerial-gunnery student here. Johnny got permission from his CO to compete in the recent Harlingen Rodeo and carried off a $10 prize in the bronc-busting event.

Pueblo AAB, Colo.—This base "robbed" Biggs Field, Tex., of $1,000 when Cpl. Fred Eutermoser was transferred here. While he was at Biggs, Eutermoser took several 50-cent chances on a $1,000 War Bond. Several weeks after he came to Pueblo, he was notified that he'd won the bond.

FENCING AND THE ARMY

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Cpl. Cece Sherman, stringing communications wire for the 75th Division, noticed that as fast as he rolled out the copper strands they were disappearing into the brush behind him.

Upon investigation he found a farmer energetically wrapping the wire around his arm.

"Hey, what's the idea of taking my wire?" demanded the irate corporal.

"Shucks, son," said the farmer, "I didn't know that anybody wanted this stuff. I've been looking quite a spell for some wire to fence my hawgs and I thought this would be the right thing."

James Plays With Names

Fort Benning, Ga.—What's in a name? While checking on the locator-card file that contains the names for 16 QM companies and four detachments, Pvt. Louis James Jr. of the 4000th Truck Company, on special duty with its post officer, found the surname Williams was the most common, there being 29 men with that name in the outfit, while the Smith boys were second with 24.

The two Js, Jackson and Johnson, tied for third place with 19 each; 16 Browns were in fifth place and 15 Joneses in sixth.

Pvt. James' curiosity led him still further and he began to take note of odd names. A check revealed that Thomas Sylvertooth had a perfectly sound set of molars, William Officer was a T-4 and Ruby Only, believe it or not, was very much a man and a good soldier.

He wondered what MPs thought about when they checked Elihue Furlow's furlough papers. Arthur R. Ham told him he had never acted in his life. Percy J. Abernathy proved to be a rugged individualist.

John B. Fun Sr., Ezekiel Noel, Tom Foy, Albert J. Figures, Herbert Turk and James H. Congo sound like pseudonyms, but Pvt. James knows they're real names.

Restriction in Reverse

McClellan Field, Calif.—To be restricted to the post is severe punishment for most soldiers, but to Pfc. John Lumnianik, mail orderly of the 4127th AAF base unit here, it's an order that works in reverse.

Arriving at McClellan a year and a half ago, Lumnianik found little to interest him in town, so he stayed on the post all the time, content to do his work in the mail room and lounge around in his comfortable fatigues at night. However, he erred one day by failing to salute an officer. When his name was turned in, the brass realized that to restrict him to the post would be no punishment, so they ordered him to put on his khakis and take the next bus to town. What's more, he had to stay there until his pass time was up. For Lumnianik that was quite an ordeal.

He hasn't been to town since, and he makes certain that no officer passes him without receiving a snappy salute.

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Marguerite Chapman

YANK

Pin-up Girl

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The Ghost Of Gona

Look close in the trembling mimosa, take care as you skirt the shell craters:
The thatch roofs are not stable, they still quake from the rain of fire.
Shun the twisted coconut roots, the deserted pill-boxes
Gazing asea past the Holnicote horizon, past the ghostship of Gona.
Past time and past space—the unwinking eyes of the dead ones.

Go down by the sea and you'll meet them—
On the black lava sand, in the vine-choked back-water.
They aren't night prowlers especially; their term is beyond limitation.
They don't want to lie down, they don't want to be dead.
Their abasement will never allow it.

Their company is sloe-eyed and ragged, either squatting beneath the flame crotons
In the sun-beaten, rank mission gardens or high in the skeleton palm trees.
Behind the canna hedge, shrieking in scarlet and yellow,
Comes a long, weary sigh—it may be the wind or the water—
But, whatever it is, of a sudden you're sweating.
Though the breezes are fresh off the sea of the Solomons
And the ghostship of Gona is there on the coral.

Go down by the sea, where the femurs and pelvises
Roll up in the guilty surf, where skulls wail in the windrow,
Where encroaching breakers deny the cadavers
The dignity of camouflage, of guard from the blowflies.
Dip your feet in the water, the brown, tepid water—
You'll get no refreshment, you'll not see the normal blue
As you do in less troubled seas.

And there's another thing—don't look behind you.
The past isn't nourishing, and the lost ones of Gona
Chafe the chains of their loneliness.
In silence they follow you.
Aflame with their jealousy, indignant that you're still alive.
If their hands get too clutching, if their breath is too fetid,
It's because they're the bitter dead—their death was an ugly death.

Tread light through the marigolds, bypass the wild passion vine;
The poison of disaster has alike tainted all of it.
The blood of the mission folk feeds the troglodyte scorpions.
Yet here in the sunlight the blue ipomoeas
Nod delicate funnels, the flamboyant fuchsias
Wait for the caretakers.

But the mission is mute. There is none here to care.
Let them weep here at night under Alpha Centauri.
Let them rage in the morning in the hot, sun-drenched silences.
Where even the kura bird shuns the bomb-blasted horror strip:
Let them cringe where the mission stood, where the white cross outglitters
That other cross in the Milky Way, where their eyes hunt the Dipper.
It is all much the same to them, either here or abroad, at night,
While the waves lap the evil beach, the swamp frogs croak wearily,
They're wretched, unhappy, tired, disillusioned;
They wouldn't have much to say, were there words adequate,
Except: "Take care, you living ones! Keep away from our sepulchre!
We're here for the stretch of it, the worms give us welcome!
The shades of the Samurai have broken our hari knives!
The ancestors deny us a bivouac in heaven
While our bodies' putrescence enriches a foreign soil!"
Then the mission is mute. There is none to care.

Southwest Pacific —Sgt. DON E. ROHRIG

NAVY NOTES

Engagement and Operation Stars. Here is a new and complete list of operations and engagements for which stars have been authorized to be worn on area campaign ribbons.

ASIATIC-PACIFIC AREA RIBBON

Pearl Harbor-Midway	7 Dec. 1941
Wake Island	8-23 Dec. 1941
Philippine Operations	8 Dec. 1941-6 May 1942
Netherlands East Indies Engagements*	
Makassar Strait	23-24 Jan. 1942
Bandoeng Strait	19-20 Feb. 1942
Java Sea	27 Feb. 1942
Pacific Raids—1942*	
Marshall-Gilbert Raids	1 Feb. 1942
Air Action off Bougainville	20 Feb. 1942
Wake Island Raid	24 Feb. 1942
Marcus Island Raid	4 Mar. 1942
Salamaua-Lae Raid	10 Mar. 1942
Coral Sea	4-8 May 1942
Midway	3-6 June 1942
Guadalcanal-Tulagi Landings (including First Savo)	7-9 Aug. 1942
Capture and Defense of Guadalcanal	10 Aug. 1942-8 Feb. 1943
Makin Raid	17-18 Aug. 1942
Eastern Solomons (Stewart Island)	23-25 Aug. 1942
Buin-Faisi-Tonolai Raid	5 Oct. 1942
Cape Esperance (Second Savo)	11-12 Oct. 1942
Santa Cruz Islands	26 Oct. 1942
Guadalcanal (Third Savo)	12-15 Nov. 1942
Tassafaronga (Fourth Savo)	30 Nov.-1 Dec. 1942
Rennell Island	29-30 Jan. 1943
Aleutians Operations*	
Komandorski Island	26 Mar. 1943
Attu Occupation	11 May 2-June 1943
New Georgia Group Operation*	
New Georgia-Rendova-Vangunu Occupation	20 June-31 Aug. 1943
Kula Gulf Action	5-6 July 1943
Kolombangara Action	12-13 July 1943
Vella Gulf Action	6-7 Aug. 1943
Vella Lavella Occupation	15 Aug.-16 Oct. 1943
Action off Vella Lavella	6-7 Oct. 1943
Pacific Raids—1943*	
Marcus Island Raid	31 Aug. 1943
Tarawa Island Raid	18 Sept. 1943
Wake Island Raid	5-6 Oct. 1943
New Guinea Operation	4 Sept. 1943 (date to be announced later)
Treasury-Bougainville Operation*	27 Oct.-15 Dec. 1943
Treasury Island Landing	27 Oct.-6 Nov.
Choiseul Island Diversion	28 Oct.-4 Nov.
Occupation and Defense of Cape Torokina	1 Nov.-15 Dec.
Bombardment of Buka-Bonis	31 Oct.-1 Nov.
Buka-Bonis Strike	1-2 Nov.
Bombardment of Shortland Area	1 Nov.
Battle of Empress Augusta Bay	1-2 Nov.
Rabaul Strike	5 Nov.
Action off Empress Augusta Bay	8-9 Nov.
Rabaul Strike	11 Nov.
Battle off Cape St. George	24-25 Nov.
Gilbert Islands Operation	13 Nov.-8 Dec. 1943
Marshall Islands Operation*	26 Nov. 1943-2 Mar. 1944
Air attacks designated by CinPac on defended Marshall Islands targets.	26-Nov. 1943-2 Mar. 1944
Occupation of Kwajalein and Majuro Atolls	29 Jan.-8 Feb. 1944
Occupation of Eniwetok Atoll	17 Feb.-2 Mar. 1944
Attack on Jaluit Atoll	20 Feb. 1944
Bismarck Archipelago Operation*	15 Dec. 1943 (date to be announced later)
Kavieng Strike	25 Dec. 1943
Kavieng Strike	1 Jan. 1944
Kavieng Strike	4 Jan. 1944
Bombardments of Kavieng and Rabaul	18 Feb. 1944
Anti-Shipping Sweeps and Bombardments of Kavieng	21-25 Feb. 1944
Anti-Shipping Sweeps and Bombardments of Rabaul and New Ireland	24 Feb.-1 Mar. 1944
Asiatic-Pacific Raids—1944*	
Truk Attack	16-17 Feb. 1944
Marianas Attack	21-22 Feb. 1944
Palau, Yap, Ulithi, Woleai Raid	30 Mar.-1 Apr. 1944
Sabang Raid	19 Apr. 1944
Truk, Satawan, Ponape Raid	29 Apr.-1 May 1944
Soerabaja Raid	17 May 1944
Escort, Anti-Submarine and Special Operations:	
USS Navajo—Salvage Operations	8 Aug. 1942-3 Feb. 1943

EUROPEAN-AFRICAN-MIDDLE EASTERN AREA RIBBON

North African Occupation*	
Algeria-Morocco Landings	8-11 Nov. 1942
Action off Casablanca	8 Nov. 1942
Tunisian Operations	8 Nov. 1942-9 July 1943
Sicilian Occupation	9-15 July 1943; 28 July-17 Aug. 1943
Salerno Landings	9-21 Sept. 1943
Anzio-Nettuno Advanced Landings	22 Jan.-1 Mar. 1944
Bombardment and Invasion of the French Coast	6-25 June 1944
Escort, Anti-Submarine and Special Operations†	
Convoy PQ-17	3-4 July 1942
Task Group 21.16	11 Mar.-31 Mar. 1944
USS Menges	20 Apr.-3 May 1944
Task Group 26.11	22 Apr.-29 May 1944
Convoy UGS-40	11 May 1944

AMERICAN AREA RIBBON

Escort, Anti-Submarine and Special Operations	
Convoy SC-107	3-8 Nov. 1942

* Only one star for participation in one or more.
† One star for participation in each.

Changes in Regulations. A new Alnav provides that wounded servicemen who are convalescing in Naval hospitals outside the U. S. may telephone home, subject to the discretion of the commanding officer and the censor at the hospital. Censorship regulations will remain in effect and calls will be filed *sans origine*.

Alnav 175 provides for the reimbursement of enlisted men who have undergone emergency medical care while on leave or liberty where Naval or Government facilities were not available when needed. The decision is retroactive to 28 Apr. 1942 and is limited to emergency care as distinguished from elective treatment.

Authority to award the commendation ribbon has been delegated to all fleet commanders of the rank of vice admiral or above. This does not include task-force commanders or other flag officers who are not fleet commanders, but it is a liberalization of the former ruling that only a commander in chief could authorize the ribbon.

Hereafter each enlisted man discharged from the Navy will give information of his last place of civilian employment in order to enable the discharging officers to notify the former employer that the man is a civilian again.

THE Chapmans of Chatham, N. Y., are doing their share to win this war. Four sons are in the service and daughter Marguerite is lifting morale by providing one of the best pin-up figures in the country. You can argue about whether her contribution outweighs her brothers'. Marguerite's new movie for Columbia is "Counterattack."

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Better Keep Him Here

THE radio blared noisily. It was not like a hospital at all. Everybody was too damned chipper. Guys running around all the time, acting cute with the nurse. Everybody talking all the time, comparing lengths of stay.

Nobody was sick, like in the movies.

Except Angelo. He was the little Italian "signee" in for a mild case of conjunctivitis. Angelo was totally and completely sick—homesick. Not homesick for his Maria or *bambina* or dago red or whatever a guy named Angelo'd be homesick for. All Angelo wanted was to get back to his own unit, where he could talk and laugh and make some sense occasionally. Where he wasn't the target for half-hearted condescending attempts at teaching him English, which apparently consisted of three words, "latrine," "eat" and "girl." Where he possessed the individuality of Angelo but the protecting sameness of men who were as he was. Where he wasn't alone so much. So completely alone.

And so each day when the doc came by, Angelo would snap to a stiff attention while his chart got a going-over. And when the doc checked Angelo's eyes, you could see him silently plead, "Today?" And each day the doc would mumble over his shoulder as he went down the line of beds: "Better keep him here a few more days."

Well, he skipped out one day. He wasn't in bed at the 0600 check one morning and the call went out to bring Angelo in.

After checking the busses and railroad stations, somebody got the bright idea of calling his company.

When the MPs got there, Angelo was sitting on his bunk, talking a mile a minute to three of his buddies. You never saw a guy's face drop the way his did when he spotted the escort sent for him.

He's still holed up here, poor guy.

The doc still says: "Better keep him here for a few days."

And Angelo still snaps to a very military attention.

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —Pfc. JACK LUSTIG

The Old Man at Home

"YES," said the commanding officer as I interviewed him in his lavish home, "I have found that application of the principles learned in the Army is conducive to a full, happy home life."

"Yes, sir," I replied eagerly, casually brushing the dust from my knees and backing toward a convenient chair.

While waiting for the commanding officer to continue, I had a chance to survey the room in which the interview was being rendered. It was a combination study, library and den. The bookshelves bulged with row upon row of thrilling action-packed field manuals. I could well picture my interviewee, surrounded by his loving clan, reading to them from any one of his huge collection—the youngsters, mouths agape, eyes widened, respiration suspended as paragraph after paragraph of "Strategical and Tactical Use of the Straddle Trench" dropped from the lips of their idolized father.

The walls were tastefully decorated with reproductions of medieval torture scenes done on salvaged shelter halves. But the object that immediately caught my eye and shall ever remain emblazoned in my memory was the officer's pin number, done in four-foot-high blue-and-gold mosaic above the fireplace.

A dignified grunt from the Presence notified me that the interview might now continue.

"Do you realize," he said, "that in the last two years only once has one of my children missed the regular early morning roll call? I was damned easy on him, too," he reflected with a touch of sadness. "Three days on the rack, six months' confinement to quarters and reduction of two thirds of his allowance for life. Every afternoon the wife takes him up a crust of bread and a spoonful of meat and vegetable hash."

I marveled at the utter humaneness of the man.

A light tap on the door caused a brief cloud of annoyance to flutter over my host's face, but he masked his irritation and gruffly bade the intruder enter.

The door opened and an attractive woman in leggings, helmet and herringbone-twill house dress came into the room with respectfully measured pace.

"The wife," he explained as she saluted smartly and announced that she had finally secured permission for an audience with him.

"Got the duty roster, dear?" (I marveled at the democratic tenderness.)

"You see," he addressed me, "I've found that efficiency is strengthened by assigning each child to a definite duty around the house. Mary is on insignia and button-buffing detail, John is sorting garbage, Joe is police-up man (I caught sight of him then, diligently picking lint from the carpet) and Willie is latrine orderly. Come in and watch him work."

Following my host into the bathroom, I stood spellbound at its magnificence. The walls achieved their striking effect through a series of anti-venereal posters and "don't talk" warnings. The seats were deftly placed with a view to combining privacy with an opportunity for conversation. The floor was inlaid with alternating .30- and .50-caliber cartridges, covered with a thin coating of lye.

Having forgotten my mess kit, I was unable to stay for lunch. However, my host graciously accompanied me to the door, saving me the embarrassment of being stripped and searched by the uniformed MPs.

As the door closed softly behind me, I replaced my shoes and gazed at the spacious grounds, broken only by the scores of foxholes and straddle trenches that lent a certain primitive beauty to the landscape. It had been a thoroughly inspiring afternoon.

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Pvt. MEL BROWN

PX

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CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER

Far from the Gulf where the colorful fishing boats play,
Far from the hills where the turbulent waterfall roars,
The muddy old stream inexorably measures its way
Like a blinded man, tapping the sides of its ill-defined shores.

Here where the brilliant *odonatous* dragonfly flutters
And waters are reeking with putrified, redolent gases,
Ponderous sycamore trees, in its weak-moiréd gutters,
Flop like dead drunks, while the river goes by like molasses.

Here by this spillage of massive conglomerate slime
Tourists and lovers and brow-wrinkled lecturers make
Pilgrimages; claim they see beautiful sights in this grime,
The collected refuse of an antediluvian lake.

How people ever find beauty in lusterless brown
Waters, surrounded by crab grass, is not very clear.
I think I will go to a place of great beauty in town,
Where purple lights glimmer and gobble some pretzels and beer.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

INTERIM

My love was a beautiful dream,
But dreamers, alas, must awaken.
I thought it was peaches and cream;
How could I have been so mistaken?
My faith in romance is quite shaken;
Hearts and flowers are not what they seem.
If it's true Cupid brings home the bacon,
He must pitch for the opposite team.

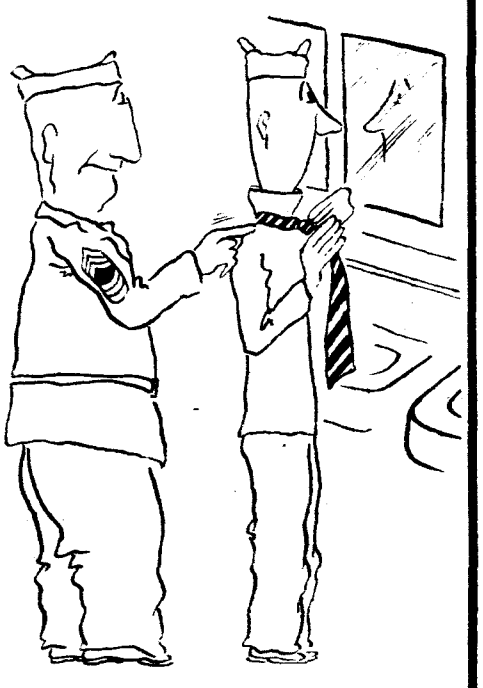
(My soul is sad,
My heart is sore,
I won't be glad
Forevermore;
My psyche won't sing,
My eyes won't dance.
It's a pleasureless thing
To unromance.)

This morning I thought she was mine.
Tonight I am laden with sorrow,
But I mustn't forget not to pine
Any longer than evening tomorrow.
Then, somewhere, a tenner I'll borrow.
For I have an engagement to dine,
And I'll hide from the clutches of sorrow
In the joys of flirtation and wine.

(For a bubbly glass
And a new romance
And a fresh young lass
And another chance
Are the surest token
To keep intact
A heart not broken
But slightly cracked.)

Camp Van Dorn, Miss. —Cpl. ALEX DROGICHEN

—Pvt. Jerry Schiono, Camp Blanding, Fla.



—Pvt. David Grossvogel, El Paso, Tex.

—Pfc. Sam Dubin, Signal Center, Baltimore, Md.

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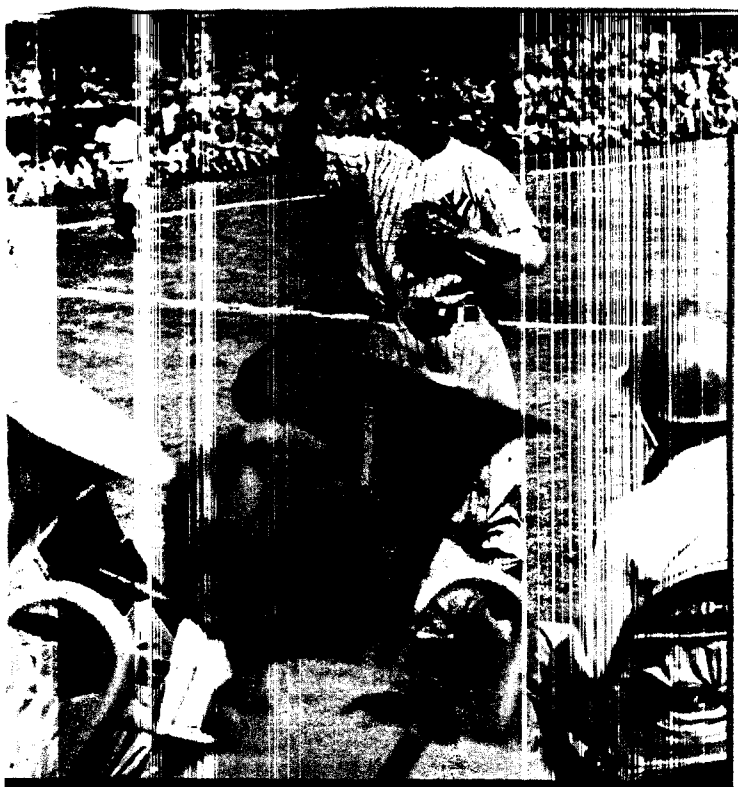

Al Schacht, wearing a New York Yankee uniform, directs the 24th Division band in a pre-game concert.

M/Sgt. Mulcahy, first major leaguer to enter the Army, cools off with a drink after coming off the mound.

S/Sgt. Ken Silvestri, one-time understudy to Bill Dickey, was the top man in this ball game.

New Guinea Baseball

WHILE waiting to shove off for the Philippines invasion, GIs in Dutch New Guinea had as much baseball around World Series time as did the folks back in St. Louis. Not only did they hear short-wave, play-by-play descriptions of the St. Louis series, but they saw plenty of big-league stars in action on their own island. One team, composed entirely of former professionals, played the best Infantry team in New Guinea and drubbed them, 9-0. But the score wasn't as important as some of the players. The all-pro line-up included ex-big leaguers M/Sgt. Hugh Mulcahy, Phillies' pitcher, S/Sgt. Ken Silvestri, White Sox and Yankee catcher, T-4 Al Flair, Red Sox first baseman; big-league prospects T-5 Al Kozar and Sgt. George Byam of the Red Sox, Irv Dusak, Cardinals, Pfc. Louis Rosen, Yankees; and ex-minor leaguers Pfc. Lou Roede, Chattanooga, T-4 Carmel Castle, Birmingham, T-4 Jack Griffore, Columbus. But the main thing the GIs had that St. Louis couldn't touch was Al Schacht, the top-hatted, frock-coated baseball clown, who is now touring Southwest Pacific bases for the USO.

T-4 Al Flair starts toward first base after banging out a double for professionals. Flair was one of Jimmy Foxx's successors at first base for the Boston Red Sox.

Schacht pulls an "Ernie Lombardi," snoozing at the plate. This is Schacht's second trip overseas. Last year he entertained GIs in North Africa and Sicily.

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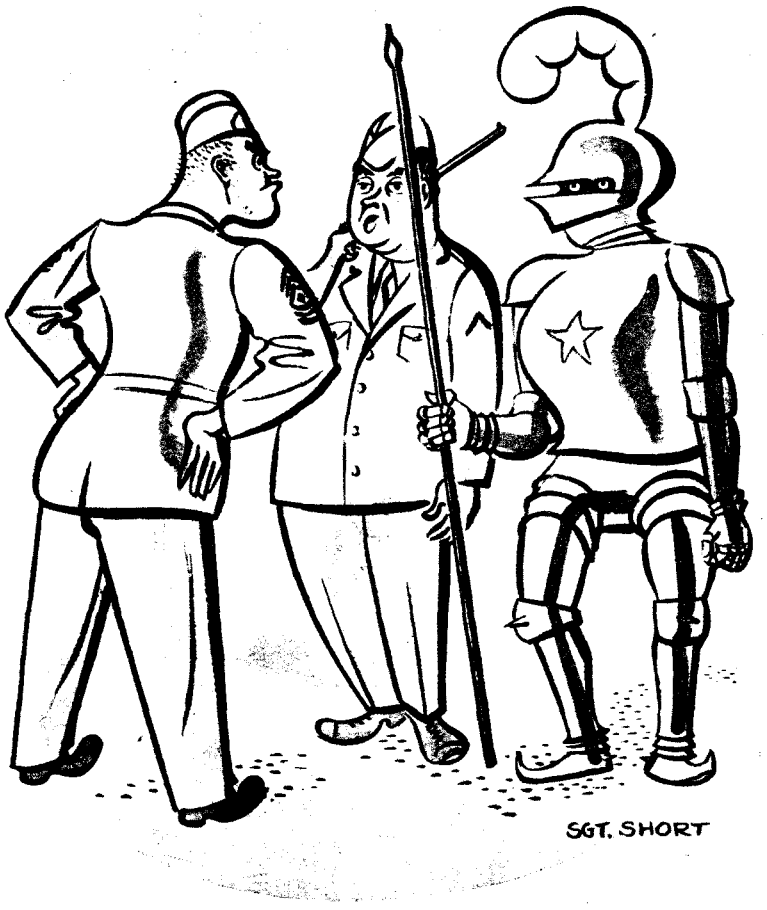
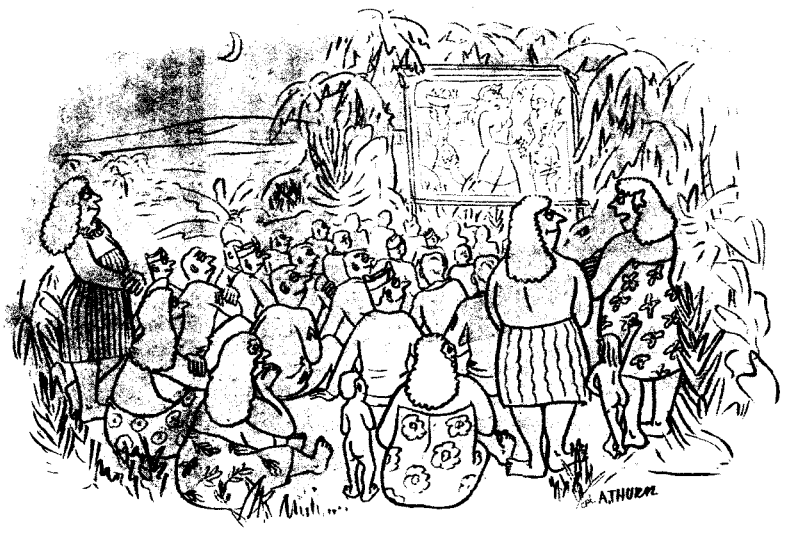


"HE SAYS IT'S ALL THEY HAD IN HIS SIZE."
—Sgt. Don Short

"YOU'LL NOTICE, THOUGH, THERE'S NO GOOD CONDUCT RIBBON."
—Sgt. Dick Ericson



"IT'S A TRAVEL-TALK MOVIE ALL ABOUT THIS ISLAND."
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

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". . . IN SHORT, THE PAPER SHORTAGE AT THIS STATION MAY BE TERMED CRITICAL."
—Cpl. Frank Robinson

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